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PENTHOUSE

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THE CARETAKER

SWINGING & SWAPPING

THE HOSTESS
SWAPPING
SHADOWLEAF

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**THE WIFE
SWAPPING
ISSUE**

APRIL / MAY 2019

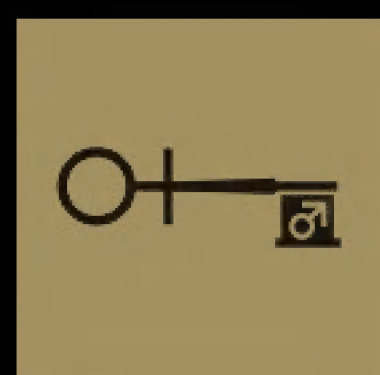
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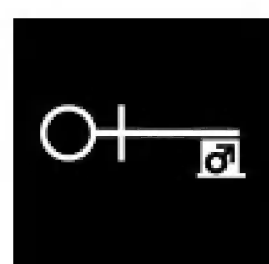
LETTERS



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LETTERS

↘ SALUTATIONS



Cover Girl: 2016 December Pet Of The Month, Blake

THIS issue of *Penthouse Letters* is dedicated to all the open-minded wives out there. Though we appreciate the bond marriage can bring between two people, we appreciate breaking of the matrimonial rules even more!

We packed this issue with wife-swapping, open-relationships, sneaky sex sessions and unbelievable all-girl orgies.

Our Letter of the Month watches one hungry housewife take on a whole team of men in her living room, while "Carnal Carnival" proves that Mardi Gras is the sexiest party in the South. The debauchery is in over-drive is issue, so buckle up and enjoy the ride.

We are always open to hearing your tales of lust and passion. Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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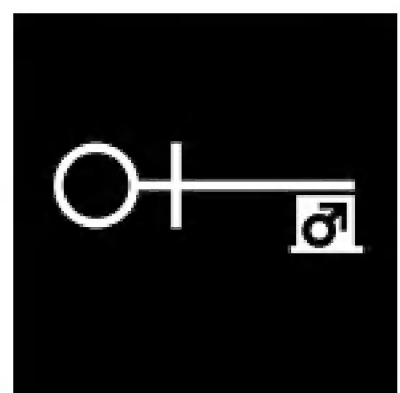
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LETTERS

↘ OPEN SEASON

🔑 THE HOSTESS

I texted Frankie: *I met a guy.*

I was at the restaurant and business was hopping but when I seated him, I knew I wanted to fuck him.

Frankie's text came back quickly: *Want to fuck him?*

Yes!

Do it. But I get all the details when you get home.

Of course.

Have fun, baby.

And just like that I knew that the man I'd just seated would be mine for an evening.

I brought fresh bread to their table, which is something the hostess is supposed to do, but I sat the basket right in front of him.

"Something warm for you," I said.

He grinned up at me, knowing that he had me. That was fine. That got me off. He could have me, use me, fuck me, make me come, and then I'd go home and tell Frankie all about it.

I sauntered off and could feel his eyes on me as I seated another table next to his. I had to stand close to his chair as I led them to their seats. The restaurant was small and cramped. I felt his hand snake up the back of my calf and grip my muscle before trailing down to touch my ankle. Beneath my plain black dress and equally plain panties, my pussy grew wetter. I clenched my internal muscles to get that forbidden rush of pleasure.

I dropped my pen on the floor and bent to get it. While his two companions were in a lively conversation, his big dark eyes were on me.

"Meet me in the restroom," I said. "The one on the left."

We had two bathrooms that were gender-neutral. The one left was nicer; the room was bigger and the lock worked.

I breezed past my manager and said, "I have to take a few in the ladies' room. Please cover me."

I'm an excellent worker. Jerry never questions me. He gave me a nod and said, "take your time."

I intended to.

I hurried to the restroom and found it empty. I went inside and locked the door. Our restaurant is pricey. The bathrooms reflect that. A chaise lounge, several chairs, big white countertops, cleaned regularly. I waited, heart pounding, for Tall, Dark, and Flirty. There was a knock.

I faltered.

**"I HAD NO IDEA
WHAT HIS NAME
WAS, AND I
DIDN'T CARE."**

"Yes?"

"I'm here as requested," came his deep voice.

I felt like there were a thousand butterflies trapped in my stomach.

Here we go... I texted Frankie.

I knew it would make his dick hard to hear what was about to happen.

I opened the door just enough to let Tall, Dark and Flirty in. I stared at him and he stared back. Then he pulled the tie on my wrap dress and it fell open. He took a deep breath, cupped my black-lace-covered tits in his big hands, and moved in for a kiss.

"Is it wrong that the moment you smiled at me I wanted to be inside you?" his gruff voice asked.

I shook my head. "Not at all."

I had no idea what his name was, and I didn't care.

I ran my hand across the front of his black slacks and found his large, hard cock with my fingers. I gripped him, squeezed him, and moved my body against him. He kissed me and bit the tip of my tongue. I wasn't expecting it and the bolt of pain shot through me, making my cunt ache to be fucked.

I gripped his shirt and held him tight. He bit my neck and I sighed. He bit my shoulder and I whimpered.

"You like that?"

It wasn't a question, but I nodded anyway.

He grabbed my ass and lifted me easily. He had about a foot on me and his hands were enormous. He deposited my ass on the wide white countertop and pushed my thighs wide. His fingers skimmed the front of my panties, stroking me just right, but not hard enough to get me off. He slipped his fingers under the fabric and brushed them over my mound. I sighed and arched up.

"Hurry," I said. "I want it."

That caught him off-guard and he grunted like an animal. He hooked his fingers beneath the waistband of my panties and I lifted my hips to help him. He slid my panties down fast and shoved them in his pocket. Then he undid his pants and let them drop. He pushed down his boxer briefs and his big cock sprang to attention. I licked my lips.

He caught the gesture and gave me a wolfish grin. "Soon. But not yet."

He grabbed my hips and jerked me forward. I slid across the smooth surface and there we were, cock to cunt. His big dick rubbed along my folds and pressed my swollen clit.

He pushed my thighs wide and stared at me as he teased me with his cock's tip.

"Stop teasing," I hissed.

He chuckled and grabbed my ass. He must have lost patience with his own game because he yanked me forward fast and hard and his big dick slid into me with rough force. It took my breath



away how good it felt, how much he stretched me and how deep he got.

His lean hips flexed as he fucked me. Every thrust was exquisite. I let my eyes drift shut as he moved into me, holding me tight with his strong fingers. When I opened my eyes, I could see his ass clenching every time he drove into me.

I moved my hands to cup his ass and squeeze him.

He groaned.

He worked me perfectly, and I got to watch my own face in the mirror behind his back. A stranger fucking me until my face was a mask of pleasure as I came. I swallowed down my cries as best as I could and he kissed me roughly.

He pulled free of me and tugged me off the counter. He spun me until I was face-to-face with myself in the mirror, my hands planted on the glass.

He moved in close behind me, spread me, and worked his cock into me slowly. The angle was perfect for him to hit my G-spot with every thrust. He moved in quick jerking motions. Mr. Tall, Dark, and Flirty put his hands over my hands and pinned them there.

He rocked into me in a steady motion, my pussy clenching around him. The pleasure was overwhelming. I felt like I was going to come again at any moment. Then I thought of recounting all of this for Frankie as he ate my pussy and fucked me, and that made it so much better.

"Your pussy just keeps getting tighter and tighter," he growled in my ear.

I opened my eyes and he was staring at me in the mirror from over my shoulder.

He smiled. "It gets tighter and tighter, and when I think it can't get any tighter—" He rammed into me hard and I gasped. That thrust lifted me up on my tiptoes. "Your cunt proves me wrong."

I came. I felt the rush of fluid flow out of me, over his cock, down the tops of my thighs. My pussy spasmed so hard, my head felt buzzy and light.

I expected him to come then, but he surprised me again, moving me. I'd become a big rag doll, boneless and lax. He pushed me gently back onto the chaise lounge and got down between my legs. He started to lap at my

drenched pussy like a man possessed.

I watched his pink tongue dart out and slide along my clit, watched him suck my clit so hard that tiny stars appeared in my vision. I knew he was going to make me come again. That was his goal. I had no complaints.

"I like watching you get off," he said, mouth pressed to my inner thigh. His fingers plunged into me, slid against my slick channel, pressed and played along the perfect spots. My pussy clenched his driving fingers.

"See?" He whispered to my pussy. "So fucking tight."

The rumble and tickle of his voice on my clit was intoxicating. Someone knocked, and my body bowed from pleasure and shock.

He didn't stop fucking me with his fingers. He simply raised his head and growled. "Occupied. Try the next one."

I pushed my pelvis up to meet his eager lips. His mouth was slick with my juices, his eyes hooded and intense. He met my gaze and carefully stuck his tongue out, dragging it over my clit repeatedly until I lost it.

LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

"Jesus. Fucking. Christ." I grunted as I came. My back arched. My body was spent.

He tugged me up and I went willingly. I sat there at the bottom of the chaise lounge, my entire body beating like a giant pulse from the rush of pleasure I'd experienced.

He pushed his cock into my mouth. Pulled it free. Painted my own saliva over my bottom lip like he was applying gloss.

I moved my head to swallow him down, but he held it tightly between his large hands. I could hear the hiss of my ears ringing as he made it clear he would take my mouth in his own time.

I stayed there, tongue moving as much as allowed, as he slid in and out, dragging his big dick over my lips and tongue. When he pushed deep, I sucked air through my nose and felt him tickle the back of my throat.

His movements became faster, his need growing. He pulled free of my lips and I whispered, "Fuck my mouth. Come on my tongue."

He groaned and then laughed softly. "Must be my lucky night."

I moaned around his cock, knowing the vibration would work its way up his dick and into his pelvis. I reached out and cupped his balls in my left hand.

Another knock. Another jolt of fear. Another muttered "occupied" from him.

I buried my hand between my slick thighs and started to finger myself.

He saw and muttered "Jesus," his thrusts into my mouth growing rougher.

I played with my pussy as I sucked him, and when it became too much I came, my cunt clenching my driving fingers.

He held my head and drove deep and filled my mouth. He shuddered over me.

Another knock and before he could answer my manager's voice called out my name, asking if I was okay.

"Coming!" I said. Then I looked up at him and winked before grabbing my dress off the bathroom floor.

—Janet K., San Diego, CA

🕒 SWAPPING

Over the holidays, my husband's boss Jim invited us to a wife-swap party at his country house. Though we'd never swapped partners before, the suggestion was appealing. We both agreed that we were open to test the waters and before I knew it we were headed out of the city and into totally new territory.

We pulled up to a pretty colonial house tucked behind a copse of trees to hide the home from prying eyes. Jim greeted us and ushered us inside, where a cocktail party was already in full swing.

My husband drifted off into the crowd and I bounced from group to group. Not knowing anyone but my husband, it was difficult to determine who was a couple and who had already swapped. Overwhelmed, I tucked myself in a corner and took a moment to observe.

Jim sidled up beside me. We talked for a bit and I felt all my nervousness melt away. When he offered me his hand and led me to a bedroom, I followed him gladly.

After closing the door behind us, Jim took me in his arms. His fingers played with the V-neck of my cocktail dress. He rolled the trim between his fingers, gently tugging at the material so that it pulled lower, exposing the tops of my breasts. His lips found the sensitive swath of skin beneath my ear. The spot that could make the gap between my thighs pulse if you touched it right.

Jim's lips brushed against my ear. "Tell me what you like, Sandra. Tell me and I'll do it."

"Lick my asshole," I said with the confidence of a woman who makes such demands all the time.

The words were out of my mouth before they even registered in my mind. Shocked by my own reply, I quickly slapped my hands over my mouth.



Fortunately, Jim's crooked smile quickly set me at ease. "I love a woman who likes things a little dirty," he said. "Why don't you climb up on the bed and flip your skirt up and I'll see what I can do?"

Struck by his commanding tone, I quickly crawled onto the bed. I didn't have any underwear to remove, which Jim already knew. It was one of the rules of his party, after all.

Jim murmured his appreciation. "I see you went bare as requested. I like to reward people who follow my rules. Do you know why, Sandra?"

I shook my head.

Jim bent down. He leaned close to me, hovering just above my ear. Warm, whiskey-scented breath fanned over my cheek. "Because they'll keep doing things that please me," he replied.

He moved to the edge of the bed and knelt behind me. "Since you asked so nicely and you followed my rule, I'm going to lick your asshole now."

Jim's words echoed in my ears. Sure, I'd indulged in dirty talk before, but Jim delivered his lines with a cool confidence that none of my past partners possessed. He wasn't saying these things about rules simply to get a rise out of me; he really meant it, making his directives even sexier.

Hot, smooth palms cupped my ass cheeks and pulled them apart. Unable to see what Jim was doing at my backside, my nerves were on edge again. I waited impatiently to feel his tongue on my backside, but instead I felt the stubble of a man's facial hair brush lightly over my skin.

My body jolted. I expected to be licked, not tickled.

Jim chuckled, sending a hot puff of air over my asshole. "Ticklish." He placed a kiss on one ass cheek, then the other. "I'll try to keep that in mind."

He stroked the length of my crack with his thumbs, sending a shiver up my spine.

I arched my back on a groan, making



"I DIDN'T HAVE ANY UNDERWEAR TO REMOVE, WHICH JIM ALREADY KNEW."

my ass bump hard against Jim's face. Enjoying the feel of him against me, I leaned into his touch, serving myself up to Jim completely.

Finally, the tip of Jim's tongue circled my asshole. Hot and wet, he spread his saliva over me, slickening my skin so that the wetness dripped down onto my pussy lips. He worked the puckered skin with his tongue, gradually massaging the tense muscles until they loosened enough for him to dip his tongue inside my asshole. Then he trailed the tip of his tongue around the opening, stimulating the area until I could feel my pussy pulse with need as well.

As my own juices seeped from my slit, Jim slipped a hand through my legs and cupped my mound. He flexed his fingers, using the tips to tease my clit while he pulled my ass hard against his mouth.

The extra pressure was exactly what

Jim needed to work his tongue the rest of the way into my asshole. He wiggled it around, thoroughly exploring my tight tunnel.

While Jim used his mouth to worship my ass, his fingers found their way between my pussy lips. He circled my vagina, slowly stretching the hole so that every finger would fit. Then he slid inside me, filling me up with four fingers.

Just when I thought I would burst, Jim flipped the script. He pulled his mouth from my ass and moved back to inspect his handiwork. "Did you know that your asshole stays open after I pull out?" he asked. "Just a nice, pretty pink hole, begging to be filled again."

He pulled his fingers from my pussy and traced a single fingertip around the edges of my open asshole. My pussy juice left his fingers nice and wet. I could feel my own liquid slick across my skin, preparing me for entry.

Once Jim got my asshole good and wet, he plunged a finger inside. He stayed still for a moment, allowing my body to adjust, then he slid even deeper, burying himself to his knuckle.

Using the finger buried firmly inside me, Jim adjusted the angle of my ass so that my pussy was level with his pelvis. With his free hand, he guided his dick to my slit. He swirled the crown around a bit, exciting the nerves beneath my skin while he spread liquid arousal over my sex.

Satisfied with the level of slickness, Jim slid inside me, officially filling

LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

me from the back and front. It felt so fucking good to have him moving inside both holes. Having Jim's finger inside my asshole made my pussy even tighter, magnifying every thrust of his long, thick dick.

Jim's free hand rested on my hip, keeping my body steady as he plowed into me. Every pump of his dick ripped a scream from my chest. It wasn't an orgasm yet, but little pops of pleasure began to rock my body.

I clawed at the sheets, struggling to remain on all fours. When my back arched, pulling my body away from Jim, the flat of his palm pressed at the center of my back, pushing me back down.

"If you're having trouble keeping still, I have something that will help," he growled.

A second finger slipped inside my asshole, taking me past the point of fullness and bringing me straight to bursting. Desperate to regain control, I tried to modulate my breaths, knowing this would help me open up to him, but

that was difficult to accomplish with Jim pounding away at my pussy.

Finally, I decided to place my trust in Jim and surrender completely. I leaned down on my elbows, angling my ass so that it was perfectly served up to Jim.

"That's what I like," he groaned as he drove into me harder. His dick pistoned into me, massaging my walls with every thrust.

When Jim hit my G-spot, rubbing on

**"HOT, SMOOTH
PALMS CUPPED
MY ASS CHEEKS
AND PULLED
THEM APART."**

that little bundle of nerves tucked way up inside me, my eyes rolled back into my head. I thought I was tight before? That was nothing.

The pleasant ripple and twitch of my walls gave way to full-on spasms. Every time Jim withdrew his dick to the tip, my body seemed to scream over the loss. Then he would dive back inside, making me moan.

Then Jim slipped the hand on my hip around to my front. His fingers danced around my clit, heightening its sensitivity without ever actually touching the bud.

I wanted to grind my hips against him, force his hand a bit, but that was impossible when he had me skewered from the back and front. I couldn't move my hips without changing the angle from which he was penetrating my ass, and that just wouldn't do. So instead I waited, accepting that my husband's boss was the one running the show.

True to his word, Jim showed that he likes rewarding the people who follow his lead. As soon as I stopped struggling, Jim closed his fingers over my clit and gave it a light pinch.

I screamed. The sound of my voice seemed to echo off the bedroom walls. I'm sure everyone outside the room could hear us, but at that moment I didn't care. Jim was playing my body like a finely tuned instrument, and I was loving every minute of it.

Suddenly my pussy grabbed Jim's dick in a vise-like grip. His thrusts became shorter and harder as he struggled to fit inside. It was all too much. Between my ass, my pussy, and my clit, my body had gone into full sensory overload.

My vision blurred with another scream. It felt like massive pressure had been lifted from my body, lifting me into another plane. Hot liquid gushed from between my legs, coating both of our bodies. Still, Jim kept fucking me. His movements spread my come over us and soon I could feel an extra bit of



slickness on my ass as well.

After another few thrusts, Jim came with a groan. He pumped himself into me, filling me with his hot seed. After the very last drop left his dick, he slid from me slowly.

Going from overly full to completely empty is a strange sensation. My sated body collapsed onto the bed, reveling in the soft feel of expensive sheets.

Eventually, we headed back to the party, but I was done swapping for the weekend. Jim wanted me for the weekend, and I was more than happy to oblige

—Sandra P., via email

SHADOWLEAF

My wife Leyla and I are avid LARPer (that's Live Action Role-Playing for you non-dorks). Once a month, we go to the woods with twenty of our friends, dress in costumes, and pretend to be fantasy characters. We camp for the entire weekend, staying in character the whole time. It's basically Dungeons and Dragons IRL.

My wife plays a half-elf ranger in an all-female war band called the Bloody Sirens, while I'm the straight-laced mayor of a small human settlement. Rainfall (her character name) frequently raids my town with her gang, stealing resources and people that she then ransoms back. Our in-game currency is mostly alcohol and favors (occasionally sexual, in our case). It's a riot.

There's one problem, though. Frederick, AKA Shadowleaf, is my wife's in-game husband. He's a roving mercenary and elven archer who often teams up with the Bloody Sirens on raids, and he and my wife flirt and share occasional kisses as part of the game.

This isn't that weird in our community. Lots of people have IC (In-Character)

spouses or partners separate from their OOC (Out-Of-Character) partners. Some people use this as an opportunity to have open relationships, but others enjoy the emotional impact it provides to the plotlines we invent. I was fine with it when it started, but Shadowleaf and Rainfall have been getting closer and closer over the last few months, and since Shadowleaf is at least four inches taller than me and way more muscular, I've been feeling a little insecure.

I brought it up to Leyla, but she dismissed my concerns as simple jealousy. "Lots of people have IC partners," she said. "You need to loosen up."

In January, we used a long holiday weekend for an epic LARP session. Three days in the woods playing out a scenario in which the Bloody Sirens tried to steal a valuable arcane necklace from the mayor's house (AKA, my tent). My town's citizens tried to protect me, but by noon on the second day, the Bloody Sirens had overrun our encampment. My

wife was in the forefront, looking sexy as hell in a leather getup with a bow strapped to her back and knives in her boots. She abducted me at knifepoint and took me deep into the woods, far away from the sounds of fighting.

Rainfall frisked me for the necklace, which she had correctly guessed I was hiding. She stripped off my linen shirt, leather pants, and boots, eventually finding my necklace in my right boot, but she didn't stop there. Soon I was completely naked, at which point she tied me to a tree. The bark was rough against my back, but seeing her look so bloodthirsty turned me on, and I got hard.

I expected a little sexual torment to make the game more fun, but she stepped back. "We're going to address this jealousy thing once and for all," she said, beckoning to someone outside my line of vision.

To my horror, Shadowleaf stepped out from the trees. I wanted to cover myself, but I was tied to the tree. As he looked



LETTERS

▷ OPEN SEASON

me up and down it should have deflated my erection, but for some reason the whole twisted scenario turned me on.

"I'm going to break character for a moment," she said. "We all know I love you, but you need proof that you're my priority. That's why I'm going to suck you off in front of Frederick."

Frederick/Shadowleaf and I probably had the same expression at that moment: dumbfounded shock. We stared at each other wide-eyed, then returned our attention to Leyla.

"In-game, I'm doing this because I've always been turned on by you. Every time I attack your town, I secretly hope I'll run into you. Since Shadowleaf has been neglecting me lately, I've decided to force him to watch me blow you as punishment."

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" I asked.

Rainfall looked at Shadowleaf, who grinned. "Hell, yeah," he said. "I'm always down for kinky shit."

The question was, was I down for the kinky shit? But as Rainfall went to her

knees in front of me, the answer became clear. Yes, I was one hundred percent onboard with having another man watch my wife blow me.

Her lips closed around my dick, and she licked the tip before sliding all the way down. I tensed against the ropes, wanting to thrust into her mouth, but I couldn't move.

"Rainfall," Shadowleaf said, sounding horrified. He was back in character. "What are you doing?"

"Sucking the mayor's cock," she replied. "Be a good elf and watch."

"Oh, I'll do more than that," he vowed, tugging on the ties holding his leather pants up. He pulled his dick out and started pumping his hand up and down. Rainfall moaned as she realized what he was doing. She set back in eagerly, slobbering all over me with an enthusiasm she hadn't displayed in months.

I was conflicted, especially once I realized that Shadowleaf's presence was turning her on, but the blowjob

was blowing my mind. I moaned and gave in. "Take it, you elven slut," I said. "Show me what a little whore you are." The words unlocked something in me, and I stopped being embarrassed and instead felt powerful. The insanity of the situation was liberating—I felt free to do or say anything.

Rainfall moaned and stuffed a hand down her pants. As she masturbated, she whimpered around my dick.

"Do you like that?" I asked, feeling even bolder. "Sucking my dick while your husband watches?" Sweet gods of the forest, now that the situation was reversed, I understood the eroticism of the role-playing we'd been doing these last months. She was always cheating on one of us with the other, but it had taken until now for me to realize how sexy that scenario could be. I was the one in control, the forbidden fruit. Shadowleaf's face showed as much jealousy and arousal as I felt.

If I gave in to this weird threesome completely, I could set the terms. Exert control over her. Force her to face the consequences of teasing both of us for so long.

Shadowleaf was still jerking it across the clearing. Rather than seeing him as a rival, I realized he could be a tool, an instrument to torment my wife with in order to turn her on even more. "Untie me," I commanded as Rainfall gagged on my dick. "Right now."

She whimpered and pulled back, then started fumbling at the ropes. When I was free, I shoved her back into the fallen leaves covering the forest floor. "Shadowleaf, take off her pants," I commanded.

He blinked, clearly startled, then hurried forward. He stripped her efficiently, leaving her in her leather top and nothing else.

"Lick her pussy for me," I said.

Rainfall gasped. "What?"

"You heard me, elven whore. You want both of us? You're going to take both of us."





She moaned loudly, then swore as Shadowleaf got to his knees between her legs. "Are you sure?" the other man asked me.

I nodded, feeling strangely powerful. "Do it, and maybe I'll let her suck you off."

Apparently I didn't have to tell him twice. He buried his head between her thighs, and my wife screamed. I held her down, forcing her to take the other man's tongue. "This is what you get, you little tease," I told her. "I hope you're ready to take two dicks."

"Yes," she moaned, writhing wildly in the leaves. "Whatever you say, my lord."

Hearing her call me "my lord" was a power trip. I couldn't get enough. As she sweated and swore, my dick grew even harder, and soon I couldn't wait any longer. I motioned for Shadowleaf to fall back, then roughly pulled her to a standing position before bending her over. "You're going to suck your husband off," I told her, "and I'm going to fuck you while you do it."

"Yes, my lord." She wiggled her hips, flashing that sopping-wet pussy at me.

Shadowleaf moved in front of her and pulled his dick out of his pants again. He positioned himself at her lips and shoved in without hesitation, gripping her hair. She choked and grabbed his ass to stay balanced, but her groan told me how much she loved it. A flash of jealousy mixed with my arousal, but there was an easy remedy for that. As she frantically sucked on Shadowleaf's dick, I stood behind her and rammed deep into that sopping-wet pussy.

"HE STRIPPED HER EFFICIENTLY, LEAVING HER IN HER LEATHER TOP AND NOTHING ELSE."

The two of us pinned her as we thrustured roughly. She moaned and took it, reaching back to rub her clitoris as the two of us used her body mercilessly. Her cunt was hot, tight, and slick, and she squeezed me rhythmically.

She'd always liked it rough, but this was next-level. I was gripping her hips so hard I would probably leave bruises, but she was loving every second of it. She was impossibly wet, and even though another man was getting head from my wife, I was in control. She was taking two dicks because of me and me alone.

"He's going to come in your mouth," I told her, "and you're going to swallow every drop. Then I'm going to come in your cunt. Only then will you be allowed to orgasm."

She nodded as much as she could with a dick in her mouth. Shadowleaf groaned and started going hard, grabbing one of her hands to cup his balls. When he jerked and shook, I knew he was

emptying his load down her throat.

It should have been a horrible thing to see. It wasn't. It just made me wilder. I wanted to use her harder, to take everything she was willing to give. I pounded in and out of her as she swallowed Shadowleaf's come, and then it was my turn to orgasm. I came like a fountain, and when I finally pulled out, my come dripped out of her pussy and slid down her leg.

"That's what happens when you have two husbands," I told her as I reached around to rub her clitoris. "They both get to use you whenever and however they want."

She orgasmed with a scream. Her legs were shaking too badly to stand, so Shadowleaf and I supported her between us. We met eyes again, and I had the weirdest urge to high-five him. Hell yeah, we'd made her see stars.

All my jealousy vanished completely. The encounter taught me something about myself—so long as I was in control, I didn't mind sharing.

So we do. Once a month, the three of us fuck in the woods, dressed in fantasy costumes. It probably sounds ridiculous, but my marriage has never been happier. And now that we regularly fuck my wife together, I've realized Shadowleaf isn't that bad.

—S.S., via email

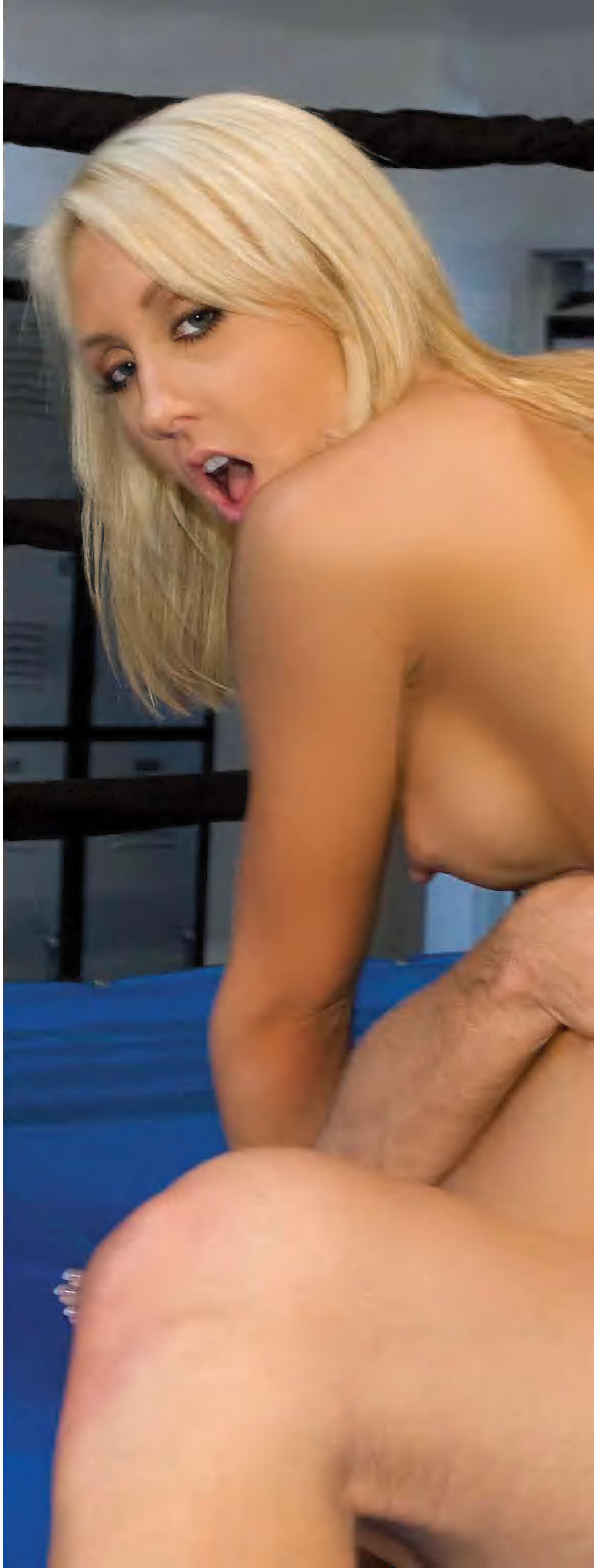
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ON THE ROPES

JESSICA AND JOHNNY HIT BELOW THE BELT.















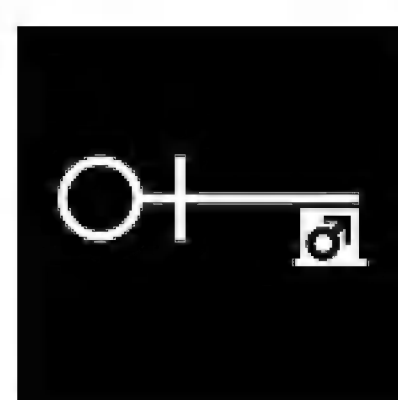


“JOHNNY’S COCK IS SO POWERFUL.
HE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO.”

—JESSICA



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TAKE HER SHE'S MINE

BRISTLING WITH LUST

It had been decades since my wife Ruby and I had invited anyone else into our bedroom. In fact, the last time it happened we were not married yet. I don't know what sparked it, but my wife decided that it was time to try again. Instead of going with a total stranger, I called on an old roommate of mine.

I've known Lucas since we were college sophomores. I used to say he was my good friend. But now I'd want to put air quotes around "friend." In recent years, we hadn't seen much of one another, which was fine by me.

One morning, Ruby and I were sitting at the breakfast table when we saw our new next-door neighbor, mowing his lawn with the mini-tractor. Shirtless. He was a well-built guy, extremely hairy.

"Holy shit," Ruby muttered.

"What?"

"He's kind of a hunk," she said. "Don't you think?"

"Isn't he a little—"

"A little what? Brawny?"

"Bingo."

That day I learned something about my wife I'd never suspected. She has a real thing about hairy guys. (I'm not in that league at all—I'm entirely smooth-chested, and I keep my pubes trimmed.)

That night in bed I teased Ruby about her little fetish, and soon I was helping her fantasize about what it would be like having a go with our shaggy neighbor.

"I bet he's got big hairy balls, Ruby?" I taunted. "Would you like rubbing your tits on his furry chest?"

I continued this sexy talk as she worked over her clit with her favorite vibrator. She came so loud I was afraid everybody on the block would be alarmed.

We knew for sure that a romp with Farmer Shirtless next door would never happen. He was clearly straight-up vanilla. But the whole idea of "hot wifery" had taken hold. We decided to make the fantasy real.

But who'd be willing and able and not "follicly challenged"?

"Hey," I said to Ruby one night. "How about Lucas?"

My old roommate was a more than moderately hairy man. He was also in good physical shape. He'd once been married—briefly—but now he was back living the single life in a town about 100 miles away from us. Unless he'd changed from college days, he was a piggy sex fiend at heart.

"Lucas!" said Ruby. "Hell, yes. Why didn't I think of Lucas?"

We hatched a plan. One night, when we were both a little high, I took the plunge and called him. After some pleasantries, I broached the subject. I knew he'd found Ruby attractive in the past. He'd made some crass remark about that when he first met her. Also, I'd confessed to him about our thing with Kristin, so he knew we had something of an open marriage. But now his ridicule began:

"Goddamn, Jim! You a dirty dog!"

I humored him: "I know. I'm crazy. So sue me."

"You a fucking sicko's what you are," he said. "But I love it. And who knew Ruby-Dooby had a thing for the fur balls? It's too perfect!"

"I don't hear you saying you're not interested."

He laughed. "Fuck yeah, I'm interested. And don't worry. I can be discreet. Shit."

"Good."

"And I guess this 'hot wife' deal means you plan to watch the whole thing?"

"That's the idea."

"You sick fuck," he said. "When is this happening?"

We decided to meet not at our place or his, but at a motel halfway between. He reserved one room. We booked another.

As we drove toward the rendezvous that afternoon, Ruby was giddy. "I can't believe we're doing this," she said.

"We can cancel if you like." (I knew full



well she was dying to go through with it.)

"Shut up, Jim!" she said with a laugh. "You had months of strange pussy with Kristin. There's no way I'm backing out of this."

"Her pussy wasn't *that* strange."

She punched my arm. I took my right hand off the steering wheel, reached under her skirt and rubbed my fingers over the crotch of her satin panties. They were soaked through. She was ready to take Lucas's big prick already—and we were still over a half hour away! I played with her red-hot clit as we drove. She wailed and shuddered as she climaxed, then asked me to take my hand away.

When we got to the hotel, Lucas hadn't yet arrived. We lay on the bed and nuzzled, fully clothed, waiting for his call. Eventually, I pulled down her panties and ate out her sweet shaved cunt. My dick was hard as a crowbar.

Finally, Lucas rang.

"Hey, I'm here, you fucking cuck. Come on by." We tidied up and went over to his room.

We were pleased to see that Lucas was hairier than ever. He had a full bushy beard that made him look like something between Ulysses S. Grant and Rasputin. The thick hair on his arms made him look like a primate of some lower order. When he ushered us in, Ruby made a small whimpering sound.

"Lucas, my man," he said, offering me his hand. It was a limp fish at first, but it suddenly became a vise-like grip. I struggled not to yelp.

"Let me look at that gorgeous wife of yours," he said, grasping her hand gently. I half expected him to wrench it, too. But he brought it to his face and kissed it tenderly.

"We're gonna have a time, aren't we, Ruby? You and me?"

She could only smile silently.

I'd brought a bottle of high-end scotch, knowing it was Lucas's hooch of choice. He poured a glass for each of



"THEY BOTH PARTED THEIR LEGS ON CONTACT, INVITING ME TO TRAVEL HIGHER."

us. He sat on the big bed and we sat on the little love seat. We made awkward small talk for ten minutes or so. Then he stood up and came over to us.

"You ready for me, Ruby?"

"Yes." Her voice sounded a mile away.

She's a slight woman: 5'5" and about 110 pounds. Her hair is long and strawberry-blond. She's a waif, really—and that night, she was a waif in a little black dress. Lucas scooped her up from the loveseat and held her aloft as if she were a doll. He then pulled her close to his thick torso and held her against it with his bristly arms. She spread her legs wide, rubbing her soaked panties against his t-shirt, leaving a damp spot.

Then he tore off her panties and she gushed all over him as he brought her lips to his and kissed her deep and long.

"She's a good kisser, Jim."

"Yep."

"Come closer and watch us kiss. Get over here."

I sat right beside them and watched their drooling mouths thrash as they kissed ravenously.

"Undress her for me, hubby-boy."

He lay back with his back against the headboard and watched as I slowly removed Ruby's dress, her bra, her stockings, her panties. She trembled. So did my hands.

When she was naked, she stood at the foot of the bed and locked eyes with Lucas. Her body continued to quake, making her small, pink-nippled breasts dance. He ripped off his pussy-soaked t-shirt. His torso was thick but not fat. His chest and belly were coated with thick dark hair.

"You shakin', baby," he told Ruby. "You like what you see?"

She swallowed. "Yes."

"You like to fuck ape men, Ruby?"

She hesitated. He laughed.

"You can say it. Don't be shy."

"I...don't know."

"I look like an ape man, don't I? Big

LETTERS

▷ TAKE HER SHE'S MINE

and hairy."

She laughed nervously.

"You want to see the rest of the package?"

"Yes."

He peeled off his pants, then yanked down his boxers and kicked them across the room. His thick legs were as hairy as the rest of him. So was his crotch, though his scrotum was shaved and his pubes were clipped to sharp bristles. His uncut dick was fully erect jutting out like a red-hot poker.

He reached out to her.

"Come on. Suck this ape man's big monster dick."

She took his fat, helmet-headed erection into her mouth. Soon he was thrusting it deep into her throat. Then he lathered her silky, hairless cunt with his tongue, his rough beard scraping her tender skin. He even spread her cheeks and tickled her tight asshole with his tongue.

I was transfixed. My boner throbbed and pushed against the fabric of my

briefs and jeans.

Finally, Lucas lay back as Ruby straddled him in cowgirl. He pushed his condom-covered rod up into her slick pussy. They began to rock. The two of them huffed and puffed like the hungry animals.

Time stopped. I couldn't tell you if they fucked for five minutes or twenty-five. But she came twice before he let out a loud caterwaul and surrendered his seed deep in her welcoming vagina. They lay there in a heap, and Lucas began to laugh a deep, dark laugh. Ruby kissed him tenderly on the lips. Then she took her glass of scotch from the nightstand and poured it slowly onto Lucas's chest and belly hair. She then licked it up like a kitten lapping cream from a shag carpet.

That was the end of it. But also the beginning. Almost every weekend, now, we meet Lucas at that motel. I've seen him and Ruby couple in every possible position. Maybe someday, they'll tire of one another, and she and I can get back

to normal.

Until then, I'll keep watching.

—J.F., via email

❶ FRIENDLY ASSISTANCE

My wife and I have been in a happy, fulfilling, wide-open marriage for years now, so when she confessed that she had a bit of a thing for my best friend it didn't exactly come as a shock. We don't usually take part in one another's extramarital encounters, but I just couldn't get the image of Audrey and Tim out of my head.

Deciding to go for broke, I told Tim about Audrey's fantasy and he was onboard to make it happen. When Audrey got home from work that evening, we were both waiting for her at the door. Tim presented Audrey with a glass of merlot—her favorite—while I helped her out of her coat...and then her dress.

While Audrey settled on the couch to enjoy her glass of wine, I moved behind her to rub all the kinks out of her neck and shoulders. Meanwhile, Tim sank to the floor and positioned himself between Audrey's legs. He tapped his fingers at her hips and motioned for her to lift her ass, then he grabbed hold of her pantyhose and rolled them down her legs.

Tim curved his hands around Audrey's ankles, up her calves, and over her thighs, then he swooped back down to her feet. Using his thumbs, he worked the ball of one foot, soothing the tired muscle. After easing all of its tension Tim pressed a kiss to the bottom of Audrey's foot, then he moved onto the other and repeated the process.

Soon, Audrey's body began to melt into the couch. She drained the last of her wine from the glass and I moved away to grab the bottle for a refill.

As I walked to the kitchen, I turned to look at the scene playing out before me.



My best friend crouched between my wife's open legs. He kissed a path up one thigh and skirted over her sex before making his way back down the other leg.

Hypnotized, I stood and watched as he reached up to Audrey's hips and pulled her thong down over her thighs. After freeing her ankles from the confining band of elastic, he smoothed his hands up her legs again.

Tim stopped at the juncture of Audrey's thighs. Curling his fingers into her skin, he pushed her legs open wider before dipping his head down to her sex.

Remembering the wine, I quickly grabbed the bottle from the kitchen counter along with an empty glass for myself. After sloshing a bit of the ruby-red liquid into my glass, I walked back to the couch and took the stemware from Audrey's limp fingers. Tim's mouth moved over her slit, working her sex with his lips, teeth, and tongue.

Audrey's eyes fluttered open. She extended her arm to me, so I poured some more wine into her glass and handed it back to her. She took a few sips, then Tim took her clit in his mouth, causing Audrey to spill the wine all over her chest. It dripped down her torso in long, red rivulets, staining her milky-white skin as it fell.

A few drops managed to travel down into Audrey's sex, alerting Tim to what happened. Not missing a beat, he trailed the flat of his tongue over Audrey's mound and up to her belly button where a bit of the wine had pooled up. Sealing his lips around the little indent in her belly, he sucked out all the juice.

While Tim was busy licking the wine off my wife's torso, I settled into an armchair that faced the couch. I leaned back, enjoying the view. Tim had moved back down to Audrey's sex and I watched while his head bobbed between her legs.

I knew the exact moment Tim came into contact with Audrey's clit, too. Her eyes fluttered open, going wide



“THE TWO OF THEM HUFFED AND PUFFED LIKE THE HUNGRY ANIMALS.”

with shock. Then, on a groan, her lids slammed shut as her body sank deeper into the couch.

Audrey's thighs shook as her legs drifted open wider. She ran her hands over her torso, spreading the last lingering drops of wine over her skin as she swooped up and over her breasts.

A puff of air hissed through Audrey's teeth as her back bowed, lifting her body off the couch.

When I craned my neck, I was just able to make out Tim's hand tucked between Audrey's legs. His fingers slithered into her while his mouth moved over her clit—one of Audrey's favorite combinations. Her thighs twitched on either side of his head, mussing his hair as she rubbed against him.

Audrey's head tossed back on a scream. Her fingers flexed on her tits, flattening them beneath her palms. You

could see the ripples of pleasure rolling over her body. Audrey's ass lifted off the couch, then dropped back down as her back arched high. Even her arms and legs twitched from its force.

Tim played Audrey like a fiddle, making her come in long, crashing waves. Unable to absorb all the sensations rocking her body, she writhed beneath him. Her skin slid against the leather couch, creating just enough friction to keep her from falling all the way down.

When her languid movements morphed into choppy spasms, I knew Audrey was about to burst. With another scream, she came apart completely.

It took a few minutes for Audrey to catch her breath, but once she made it known that she was ready for more, she wound Tim's tie around her fist and used it to pull him on top of her on the couch.

After a quick kiss, Audrey sprang like a cat, spinning them both so that Tim was pinned beneath her. She straddled his legs and settled on Tim's lap. Slowly, she unbuttoned his shirt, dropping a quick kiss on his torso every time a new inch of flesh was revealed.

When she reached the last button, Audrey turned her attention to the buckle on Tim's belt. After a bit of struggle, she worked the leather through the metal clasp. Thrilled by her success, she tore into his pants next, pulling at the waistband so hard she sent the button flying.

LETTERS

▷ TAKE HER SHE'S MINE

Audrey slithered down Tim's body, taking his pants with her. After helping him step out of his shoes and slacks, she settled in the same spot Tim had assumed between her legs mere moments before. She reached out and wrapped her fingers around the base of Tim's shaft. The tips of her fingers didn't quite meet the base of her palm, underscoring Tim's substantial girth.

Using her hand to guide him to her lips, Audrey opened her mouth and slid Tim inside it. Her head bounced up and down in his lap as she ran her tongue along his length. I could hear the sounds of her sucking him. Though her saliva acted as an excellent lubricant, the friction created by her lips sliding over his velvety skin produced a squeaking sound that was magnified by the otherwise silent room.

Mesmerized, I leaned forward in my seat right as Audrey slipped her free hand beneath Tim's balls. His legs tensed as she cupped the sack in her palm. She stroked her thumb over the sensitive skin,

making his legs grow tense.

Enjoying Tim's reaction, Audrey hummed her approval over his cock, adding to his pleasure. His feet flexed as he bounced his legs on the floor, struggling to remain still as my wife deep-throated his cock.

Looking like he was about to explode, Tim gritted his teeth. He uncurled his fingers where they sat fisted at his side and wound his fingers through Audrey's

**"SHE MADE ME
TAKE HER IN
JUST ABOUT
EVERY POSITION
I COULD
DREAM UP."**

hair. Slowly, he lifted her head off his cock, groaning when the tip broke free from her lips.

Without a word, Tim hooked his arms beneath Audrey and pulled her onto his lap. He settled her knees on either side of his legs, then he grabbed hold of his cock and positioned himself to drive right inside my wife.

My own dick twitched in anticipation. Biting back a groan, I tugged my lower lip between my teeth.

Then Audrey surprised us both. She reached down and curled her fingers over Tim's on his cock. Rather than lower herself onto him, she eased him to her front and rubbed his length over her clit.

Audrey rode Tim like that for a while, stoking their arousal until they both grew restless. Finally, Audrey rose on her knees and pressed the crown of Tim's cock into her hole.

They both gasped as Audrey's pussy slowly swallowed Tim's shaft. When the last of him disappeared within, Audrey wiggled her ass on Tim's lap, getting her body used to his cock.

It seemed that Audrey thought she was the one in control of this encounter, but Tim would soon show her that was not the case. Tim began to bounce his knees the second Audrey's ass settled on his thighs. Grabbing hold of her waist, he held Audrey steady as he pistoned into her.

Audrey's breasts bounced to the rhythm their bodies set as Tim fucked her senseless. Her long hair whipped around her face, accentuating the speed at which he plowed into her.

Slowing things down, Tim bent his head and nuzzled Audrey's breast. His hips continued to rock into her as he drew one nipple between his lips. Cradling the weight of her breast in his palm, Tim bit down hard.

Audrey's head dipped back on a moan that seemed to move through her whole body.



Smoothing a hand up her spine to soothe her, Tim kept Audrey upright. When he reached her shoulder, his fingers curled around the bone, holding Audrey tight. Keeping an ironclad grip just next to her neck, Tim drove into Audrey hard and fast, but unlike earlier, her body couldn't move more than an inch off his lap.

Sounds of sex echoed off the walls as Audrey's moans gave way to full-blown screams. She wound her arms around Tim's neck, holding on for dear life as he fucked her until her eyes rolled back into her head.

Audrey let out a groan that shook her body. She sagged against Tim, clinging to him as she trembled through her second orgasm.

Tim wasn't too far behind. He poured himself into Audrey on a growl, bouncing her on his lap until every last drop of come was buried inside her.

After Tim finished, Audrey crawled from his lap. She poured herself another glass of wine and settled in on the couch, knowing that as soon as Tim left, I would be sucking his come from her core.

—K.T., via email

THE CARETAKER

We lucked out when we rented that cabin up by the lake. Tara had scolded me that it was still the off-season.

We could get up there and have a cold snap. I liked the price and the idea of being up there alone. Just me and her and the wild life.

It was our second day and she was running around in shorts and a thin white sweater. The weather had taken a turn for the warmer side and it was our first truly warm day where shorts could be sported.

Tara loves shorts.

I'd noticed the caretaker getting the

cabins ready for the impending busy season. Painting some wooden porches and steps, cleaning gutters, mending cracked sidewalks and even a few windowpanes.

I'd also noticed him noticing Tara.

I had come out with a cold beer and a long cigar to find her doing her best to hang a hammock between two trees. One end was already linked to the thick rings bored into the sizable oak. She couldn't seem to get the other end done.

Before I could offer my help, the caretaker showed up.

I plunked down in an Adirondack chair and watched. He didn't notice me, and neither did my wife.

He helped her pull the hammock taut long enough to clip the free end to another bolt screwed into another sizable oak.

Tara blushed a little at how closely he stood. She tucked her shoulder-length blonde hair behind her delicate ears as they worked. I watched as she looked at him and then looked away quickly, her cheeks growing even rosier.

I smiled, lit my cigar, and waited for them to finish.

When she caught sight of me, she bounded over, bouncing like an eager child. "Want to lay in the hammock with me?"

I shook my head and her face fell just a little.

I waved a finger at the caretaker and he caught sight of it, looking a little

nervous. I smiled at him, but it only seemed to make it worse.

When he got close, he just stood there. His nervous expression had taken a turn toward the curious.

I could see Tara's blushing pink nipples through her thin white sweater. Whenever she was on vacation she utterly refused to wear a bra, and no sane man would argue with her. At least, I never did.

I looked at my wife and then at the man.

"I don't want to test the hammock with you, but I bet this young man would. I bet he'd like to fuck you. I bet he'd like to fuck you over there on, in, or near that hammock. And I bet he wouldn't mind one lick if I watched. Or jerked off. Or even jumped in at some point."

Tara licked her lips, looking slightly intoxicated, but it was only from what I was saying. Which made it even better.

This was not the first time I'd offered Tara up to a suitor, but it was the first time I'd done it like this.

She looked shyly at the guy, and he looked stunned.

"What's your name, son?" I asked.

"Matthew."

"Well, Matthew, it's a really simple yes or no question. Do you want to fuck my wife?"

"Yes," he managed.

"Do you have a problem doing it right here, since it's just the three of us, while I watch?"

He shook his head. "No, sir."

"Matthew?"



LETTERS

▷ TAKE HER SHE'S MINE

"HE LOOKED LIKE HE MIGHT SWALLOW HIS TONGUE AS SHE PULLED DOWN HIS ZIPPER AND PULLED HIS DICK OUT."

"Yes, sir?"

"Stop calling me sir. Only Tara does that and only when we're having sex."

"Yes, s—yes," he finished.

I waved a finger and puffed my stogie. "Go ahead, then. Do it. I'll be right here if anyone needs me."

I grinned. He still looked slightly stunned. And Tara—fuck, I love that woman—she'd already whipped off her light sweater and was popping the button on her shorts.

Matthew was all eyes and open mouth. It was almost comical, but for the enormous hard-on he was sporting.

"It's a big dick, baby," I said to Tara. "He's going to fill you up and then some."

She cooed something I couldn't make out and shucked her shorts. She stepped free of them and then ran the palm of her hand along the length of his erection.

"See what I mean?" I asked.

She nodded and dropped to her knees on the soft green grass. "Yes. Big."

"And what with you being so tight and small down there," I said, teasing her and him.

He looked like he might swallow his tongue as she pulled down his zipper and pulled his dick out. She lapped at his tip, sucking gently every so often. He moved his hands into her hair, tugging gingerly. She growled around his dick as she sucked it, and he made a surprised noise.



I had to stifle a laugh.

She worked him into a lather by going down deep on his cock and cupping his balls. He looked like he might pop at any moment.

I put down my cigar and slid my hand in my pants and pulled my cock free. I gave the end a swipe with my thumb, spreading a bead of pre-come. I watched my wife stand, take his hand, and lead him to the hammock. She didn't get in it, though; she leaned her belly over it and used it to balance herself.

Matthew didn't need any instructions. He moved in behind her, holding her hips, and used the hammock to his advantage.

He got rid of his jeans and then slid his cock inside her slowly. I watched it stretch her open and found that the visual kick started my arousal. I grabbed my dick and went for broke, jerking off as he fucked my wife by pulling her down onto his cock. He thrust deep and slow but held her hips and moved her toward him as well.

She gasped. I hadn't been kidding about him being big and her being small. It was an utter turn-on to see him pushing that huge cock inside her.

He swung her back and forth, thrusting into her. I could only really see

that sweet ass, but I heard her cry out and heard him hiss, and that told me she'd come. Fucking her tight pussy was one thing; fucking her tight pussy when it was coming—gripping and squeezing and rippling around you—was a whole other experience.

I stood up and walked over casually.

Matthew was in the zone. He barely noticed my existence. I put a hand on her lower back and he stopped.

I took her hand and raised her up. I put her hands against the tree trunk and she took the hint, readjusting her stance. Matthew simply followed along. For him, it was all about the pussy. He was drunk on it, and rightfully so.

I was face-to-face with her, stroking my dick, as he fucked her from behind—short, deep thrusts that I knew were pushing that big cock into her deep.

"Is that big cock stretching you, baby?" I asked.

She nodded, her teeth worrying her lower lip as she trembled there, pressed to the tree.

I leaned in and kissed her and she mewled.

"Are you taking that cock deep inside that tiny pussy?"

Another nod. Another desperate sound.

I kissed her again, working my cock furiously, knowing she was watching it. "That's my good girl. You can take it. You can take every inch."

Matthew grunted, his hands gripping her slim hips so tightly her skin blanched around his fingertips.

I took my free hand and skimmed it down her hair, along her throat. She whimpered and he hissed. If you touch Tara in the right places, her pussy clamps down on you like the world's loveliest vise.

I let my fingers explore her nipples while he fucked her. He was growling and grunting like a beast, and I knew that was getting her off.

"Listen to what you do to him," I said, moving my hand down to press against her mound. I let my middle finger press the cleft of her pussy, putting pressure on her clit.

My other hand worked my hard-on feverishly. I was feeling pretty close myself.

I shoved a finger inside her as Matthew increased his tempo, sometimes lifting her up on her toes.

Out on the lake a bird gave an echoing cry.

"Touch yourself," I said.

She moved her hand between her legs and started to stroke.

"I'm going to come soon. Jesus—" Matthew was a simple man. Blunt. Honest. Big.

I had to laugh.

She pushed her ass back and her fingers flew along her clit as she made slick revolutions.

I watched her face as she got closer. I reached up to pinch her nipple. When she whimpered, I did it again. I pinched and pinched until she lost it. Her fingers slick and quick on her pussy, she came. Her head tilted back, her mouth open.

I grabbed the back of her hair and tilted her head forward for a brutal kiss.

Matthew grunted and groaned and held fast to her as he plunged into her. He came, all of his big body going rigid

as he let go.

He backpedaled and dropped into the hammock. He laid there, breathing heavy.

I looked at Tara.

"Now that you've come twice and you're full of come, it's time to take my load."

She nodded, licking her lips, and dropped down before me. She opened her mouth and I played my cockhead along her lips softly before sliding into her waiting mouth.

I held a handful of her hair and took my time, going slow at first, watching her pink tongue slide along my length, lapping at me. Then she sucked hard, her cheeks hollowing, her big blue eyes wide.

"Did you like his big cock?" I asked, working myself up more.

She nodded, sliding her rigid tongue up one side of my length before sucking the tip and then sliding it back down the opposite side.

My entire being seemed focused on my dick. I could barely get the words

out, but I managed.

"Did you like me touching you while he fucked you? Did you like coming with his cock inside you?"

Another nod, then she pulled my dick out and said, "God, yes, baby. Yes. It was so fucking good."

When she swallowed me back down I let go. I came as I slid along the velvety wetness of her tongue. I filled her mouth and held her hair and watched her swallow me down.

It was only then that we realized Matthew had gone.

She laughed and winked. "Well, his job here was done."

"That it was."

-P.L., Seattle, WA

Sometimes things are just meant to be. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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FIVE-ALARM CHILLY

Katie finally gets the fire inside of her smoldered out for good.

By Eileen Ellis

I was looking for my brother Ben, but I found Charlie instead.

Tall, broad, big-ass biceps, and with a tattoo of the fertility god Kokopelli on his right forearm, Charlie was the kind of guy that always made my mouth water and my brain go blank. I stood in the doorway to the kitchen and watched him as he stirred something in the humongous cooking pot and loaded trays of garlic bread into the oven.

He caught sight of me and turned. "Katie! What brings you here on this incredibly cold night?" He crossed those massive arms and looked at me.

Had I mentioned my blank brain? He had startling green eyes and a firm jaw, lips that were almost—but not quite—too pink for such a masculine face, and blond hair that was cut short on the sides with just a bit of boyish length in the front. He was still limping a little bit, I noticed.

"Looking for Ben. Dropping off the information I told him I'd bring on that apartment near mine."

He took a step toward me and I felt anticipation zip from my brain to my chest and then much, much lower. He held out a hand and when I put my hand in his, he squeezed it.

"Just as I thought. Freezing. How about some hot chocolate?"

I nodded dumbly and watched him move his big, bulky body with the elegance of a dancer...except for the limp. Charlie had been fighting a four-alarm fire a few months before and a section of stone wall had collapsed on him. He suffered a hairline fracture of his thigh and a wrenched knee. The limp was barely noticeable if you didn't know to look for it.

"So, you want your brother living that

close to you?" he asked as he made the hot chocolate. He'd be on kitchen duty until he was fully cleared for work, but Charlie seemed to like it. I knew from previous chats that he came from a big family—seven siblings—and their mother had taught all the kids to cook. And then everyone took turns cooking for the brood.

"Yes and no," I said. I shrugged, pulling off my ridiculous fuzzy hat and wishing I didn't have hat hair. All the times I'd fantasized about being alone

**"A SHIVER
WORKED THROUGH
ME WHEN HE
CUPPED THE BACK
OF MY HEAD WITH
HIS BIG HAND."**

with Charlie and here I was, finally alone, and I had hat hair. And from the pieces clinging to my face, I surmised, there was also some static cling from the cold.

"Yes...?"

"Yes, because I've been on my own since Dan and I broke up and I think it would be nice to have a man close by to help me sometimes." I frowned slightly, realizing how pathetic that sounded. "Especially if the man is my brother," I added.

"And no...?" His question was accented by the sound of him putting

whipped cream on the hot chocolate. When I cocked an eyebrow and grinned, he shrugged. "In for a penny, in for a pound. And speaking of pounds, I guess I'll be hitting the gym early tomorrow."

I laughed and accepted the big, warm mug from him. "And no," I said, getting back to his question. "Because as you know, Ben can be a bit overprotective."

He nodded, and then to my surprise, he put his hand over mine. My fingers had been freezing and were suddenly thawed and tingling from arousal.

"I know he is. I once told him how pretty I thought you were, and he threatened to pull my spleen out through my nose."

I blinked. "He didn't," I said. The sensation of his touch had migrated from my hand to the wet, willing spot between my thighs. I had a swift and vivid image of him over me, fucking me. I swallowed hard and tried to focus.

"Oh, he did. But since we're alone and the whole team just went out on a five-alarm call, I figured I'd tell you myself. I think you're really pretty, Katie. And nice. And funny, when you don't look like you're going to faint."

I touched my hair with my free hand. "Do I? Do I look like that?"

Charlie nodded. "You do. Am I making you uncomfortable?"

"Yes," I said. Then I shook my head and blurted, "No!"

I sighed and sipped my hot cocoa, burning the hell out of my tongue. "Yes and no," I finally said. "Yes, because I've had..." I shut my eyes. "Bleh."

"Bleh?" He chuckled and squeezed my hand.

"Bleh because my tongue has tied itself in knots, apparently. Yes, because



I've liked you for a while, Charlie and no...no because I've liked you for a while, Charlie," I finished weakly.

Then I did something that surprised me. I leaned forward and kissed Charlie. He kissed me back, which warmed me from head to toe. A shiver worked through me when he cupped the back of my head with his big hand.

He broke the kiss, studying my face.

"What are you cooking?" I asked, just to have something to say that wasn't *boy, I kissed you, I hope you liked it and isn't that weird?*

"Five-alarm chili," he said, grinning.

Another shiver worked through me. "I'm five-alarm chilly," I said, making a lame joke.

He chuckled and hooked his hand beneath the seat of my chair and tugged it forward. Then he wrapped his arms around me and pulled me in

for another kiss. "Don't tell Ben," he murmured into my hair.

I snorted. "I'm a big girl. Ben can worry about his own life."

Charlie's hand rested on my knee. It seemed to shoot lightning bolts down my legs to my toes and up my thighs to the slick place between my legs. I scooted closer to him, so his hand drifted higher. I'd wanted Charlie for ages, but Ben had said no. No firemen. No guys he knew. And I'd deferred. Charlie had even asked me out once, but I'd been dating someone at the time.

"Well, I'm not dating him now," I said aloud.

He kissed my neck, and the skin on my shoulders erupted with goose bumps. "What's that?"

I shivered when he used his teeth on that tender skin. "Nothing. I think I spoke what was in my head out loud."

His hand moved higher, and the tops of his fingers brushed the center seam of my jeans. I had to bite back a moan. "Not dating who?"

"Dan. Not dating him. Not dating him *and* Ben's not here."

He sat back and stared me down. I felt naked despite being bundled in layers upon layers of warm clothes. "No. He's not." Charlie brushed one of my crazy red curls off my forehead and smiled.

"Where's your bed?" I asked before I could lose my nerve.

"I don't necessarily have a bed. The beds are pretty much communal and—"

I wrapped my hand around his and said, "A bed. Where's a bed?"

His eyes darted to the clock and then the doorway. He snagged my wrist in his large hand and I felt my already rapid pulse hit runaway status. "Come

EROTICA

on, Katie. Let's go."

With one hand, he turned the burner down to low and took the bread out of the oven all while holding my wrist hard enough with the other hand to make my pussy grow even wetter.

We never made it to the bed. When we moved through the communal room, I tripped on the leg of the humongous brown sofa and fell. Charlie hovered, ready to help me, but then his eyes darkened and his smile grew wider. I wriggled there like a bug on a pin. A very turned-on bug.

"Now, how can I resist a beautiful woman on her back?" he asked and unzipped my parka like he was unwrapping a package.

I struggled out of it even as his large fingers slipped beneath the hem of my thermal top and touched my cool skin. He slid his hands higher and pushed my tank top up as he went. When he reached my bra, he thumbed my nipples through the sheer fabric until I fought to

draw a single breath. "I'd love to get you totally naked, but—"

Time was a factor.

I shook my head. "Hurry."

He undid my button and my zipper, yanked my jeans down to my knees, and then stroked the soft yellow fabric of my panties until I couldn't stand it. I whispered "please," and he grunted low in his throat. The sound alone almost made me come. It was a sound of unadulterated need.

"Purse?" I gasped. "Where's my purse?"

He just looked at me.

"In my purse, in my makeup kit... condoms."

He moved fast for such a big guy, but we were under the gun. We both feared the worst: fucking on the big brown sofa when an audience of dusty, smoke-tainted fireman struggled in with their gear. One of them would be my brother, who would not be amused to find his baby sister *in flagrante delicto* with one

of his best friends.

Charlie was back in a flash with a condom wrapper trapped between his teeth and his hands working his belt and then his button and zipper. My body arched up to tempt him. The flash in his bright eyes told me it worked.

"Hurry," I said again.

"Say that again in that sexy-ass voice and we're going to have a problem," he said, chuckling. He shook his head, his blond hair hanging in his eyes for a second. Then his cock was out and he was handling himself in rough strokes and my mind went black. Utterly empty.

I was just a collection of pinging and zinging nerve endings aching for him to touch me. Charlie rolled the condom on and then he touched me. He grabbed my thighs and pulled me gently toward him. He covered my body with his, my shirt and bra tucked up beneath my chin, and he kissed me. The kiss made my body hum like a live electrical wire. It started as a sound I made at the sensation of his fingers on my skin but seemed to resonate through all of me.

I pushed my body up to meet his touch again, too turned-on and desperate for him to be inside me to feel even a lick of self-consciousness.

"Charlie—," I said and then shook my head. I chewed my lower lip and watched him there, positioned between my thighs.

"Yeah?" Charlie cocked his eyebrow in that way that never failed to get my blood up.

"Nothing," I said.

He stroked the tops of my thighs, slid his fingers over my hipbones, and studied my exposed pussy, making sure I could see him doing it. Then he licked his lips and stared me in the eye. "Surely it's something. If you started to say it..."

"I've just been...waiting for this for a long time. *Wanting* this for a long time."

He shook his head and a small half-smile played across his handsome



face. "Oh, sweetheart, me, too. You have no idea."

But I thought I did have some idea. A very good idea.

He positioned himself between my thighs, his sheathed cock brushing my belly. He kissed me once more and I lost myself in the feel of his tongue stroking over mine until my mind kicked in and reminded me that he had an injured leg.

"Shit!" I said.

"Not what a guy wants to hear at a moment like this, Katie." Another kiss, this one just above the hollow at my throat where my pulse pounded the hardest.

"I just remembered your leg. Should you...can you? I mean, is this a good idea?"

"This is a fan-fucking-tastic idea," he said, covering my breasts with his toasty warm hands before pinching my nipples so I felt the sudden flood of adrenaline from the blink of pain he'd delivered.

"I don't want to hurt you."

He moved his hips so his cock pressed against me again. He was hard. Ridiculously, gloriously, amazingly hard. "This, my lovely Katie, does not hurt me. At all. Trust me."

But then he reared back to look at me and grinned. "On second thought. Ouch, oooh, ouch."

"What?" I chirped, confused and turned-on. Not a great combination.

"How about..." He turned us as he spoke, getting us in a position where he was on the bottom and I was on top. My shirt and tank and bra were still shoved up against my collarbone. Not the best look, but it would have to do. He swept his thumbs over my sides, and my muscles danced at the provocation. "You be on top. You know..." This time his thumb stroked low over the shaved skin of my mons pubis. Deep inside me, my lust thrummed wetly. My pussy clenched tightly around nothing but



"HE THUMBED MY NIPPLES THROUGH THE SHEER FABRIC UNTIL I FOUGHT TO DRAW A SINGLE BREATH."

anticipation.

I nodded mutely and finally took him in hand. He was hard and warm, and I simply squeezed him for a moment. Then I positioned his cockhead at my labia and lowered myself slowly. My head went swimmy because I was holding my breath and focusing on nothing more than the feel of him stretching me as he filled me.

His hands settled on my hips and I made a soft noise that I hoped spoke volumes. Good, it was too, too good, especially after over a year and a half of anticipation.

When I was fully seated, I didn't move. I simply sat there with him buried deep inside me and breathed. Charlie reached up and cupped my breasts in his hands. His hands were so big that my breasts felt tiny and delicate. I liked it.

"You know, Katie, you'd better move soon. It would be a damn shame for everyone to come rushing in here, dirty, cold, and hungry to find us like this without the actual fucking completed." He grinned.

I sighed, nodded, and rocked my hips long enough to provoke a low moan from both of us. Then I began to move in earnest, pushing my hands into the chocolate-brown sofa, raising and lowering my hips, feeling bursts of warm pleasure every time I drove myself down onto Charlie.

EROTICA



He thrust up from beneath me, and the action caused him to bump my clit hard enough for me to cry out. He thrust up again, hard and deep, and I came, shuddering over him, saying his name so softly I barely heard it myself.

"That's what I wanted." He traced my nipples with just his fingertips, and the sensation buzzed below my skin. He thrust up again and grabbed my hips. He met my every motion until I felt a second orgasm building in me. I was charged like the air before the storm. I wouldn't have been surprised if my hair crackled with static electricity.

I leaned over him, and Charlie wrapped his arms around me. He held me close, tight enough that I couldn't move, and even though he was beneath

me, he'd taken charge. His hips shot up over and over again as I surrendered, trapped by his arms. My own movements were mere accents to his bigger, more forceful ones.

"Kiss me, Katie. They'll be back soon by the sounds of that squawking radio and I want you to come again. Come with me this time."

I nodded, pressing my lips against his and pushing my tongue into his mouth. I loved the feeling of being bound by his arms. Of being exposed and the possibility of being discovered.

He drove up once more, hard and fast, and then his jaw went tight and his eyes drifted shut. I rocked my hips once more, giving my body that extra added bit of friction, and then I joined

him. His mouth was warm and soft against mine as we came. His left hand had migrated to the back of my head, cupping it, holding me there for the kiss as surely as his other arm held me tight to his body.

Someone called out, startling me.

"Shit, shit," he laughed softly. "That's the chief, running late tonight because his daughter had a school program."

I wasn't really listening. I was wrestling my top down, tugging my jeans up, and hoping I didn't look as satiated as I felt.

We were barely dressed when the chief came in. He saw me and his already florid face lit up with joy. "Katie bug! What are you doing here?"

I smoothed my hair and cleared my

**“I ROCKED MY HIPS
ONCE MORE, GIVING
MY BODY THAT
EXTRA ADDED BIT
OF FRICTION, AND
THEN I JOINED HIM.”**

throat. Standing beside me, Charlie chuckled under his breath. I wanted to nudge him but restrained myself.

“I came to see Ben. Just waiting around.”

Chief Burns rubbed his arms and passed a hand over his bald head. “Colder than a witch’s tit out there, isn’t it?”

I nodded. “It is.”

“Yeah, Katie was cold when she came in, too,” Charlie muttered with a coy half-smile.

“Did you warm her up?” Chief Burns asked. “I smell that five-alarm chili of yours, Charlie.”

“Yeah, I think she warmed up,” Charlie said. “But no chili yet. Come on, you two. Follow me and I’ll dish it out. You’re warm now, right, Katie?” Charlie asked, smirking as he moved past me to lead us to the kitchen. But as he did, he brushed his pinky finger against mine.

A brush fire of desire and contentment kicked off along my skin. I shook my head, laughed, and said, “Yeah, chief, I’m good and warm. But now I’m starving.”

“Work up an appetite today, did you?” he asked, clapping me on the shoulder. Since my dad had been a firefighter, too, he’d known me most of my life. But I was hoping right now that he didn’t know me *too* well.

“I did, chief. I certainly did.” ☪





LETTER OF THE MONTH

GUY TIME

A sex-crazed wife gets a gang bang she will never forget.

My wife had balked the first time I mentioned wanting to let another guy fuck her. She didn't realize what a turn-on it was until I finally introduced her to Blake and they had sex: me there, watching in the corner, taking it all in had made her crazy. She'd come four or five times just knowing I was seeing the whole thing. His big fat cock stretching her. His mouth on her pussy. And the finale: him fucking her ass.

She'd been onboard after that.

Her favorite part was me reclaiming her sweet pussy.

When I told her my three best friends from college were coming home for our tenth reunion, I saw the glimmer in her eyes.

I didn't let on that I knew, though. "I doubt you'd want to meet them. You might find the whole reunion thing and college talk boring."

When her pretty face fell in disappointment, I had to press my lips together not to smile.

"Oh, I understand," she said. "You want to reconnect and all that. Guy time."

I put my hand on her arm and squeezed. "I'm glad you understand."

Her eyes were shiny with what I figured were unshed tears. I couldn't stand it anymore. I pulled her close and wrapped my arms around her.

I kissed her mouth and she kissed me back, parting her lips so that my tongue could slide against hers. I grabbed handfuls of her heart-shaped ass and squeezed. Then I whispered in her ear: "Baby girl, do you really think that these friends of mine are going to come back into town after all these years and I'm not going to put out the offer for them to all come over and fuck you? That would be downright inhospitable of me."

She gasped against my neck and when I slid my hands down her hips, she snagged my wrist and pushed my hand down inside her jeans. I pushed past her soft panties and found her pussy with my fingertips.

She was drenched.

"I mean," I went on. "I'm not a selfish man. I do believe if you have something good you should share."

She moaned when I slid two fingers into her. She was so slick, so warm, so ready. My cock was hard but grew

skin trembled beneath my touch.

I took a step back and she gasped at the absence of my touch.

"Take your pants off, Baby Girl."

She licked her lips and did as I asked. She pushed her jeans down and then her panties. She stepped out of them and stood there in nothing but a fuzzy, oatmeal-colored sweater and socks.

She stood there, expecting me to go down on her. I knew damn well that was what she had in mind. So I pushed her back onto the bed. She hit the mattress and bounced. Then I flipped her onto her belly. Her hands slid down beneath her hip bones even as she cried out.

I shed my clothes, watching her, wondering if she'd stay where she'd landed or not.

She did.

I levered myself over her, rubbing my hard cock along her ass crack. Her whole body went tense with anticipation.

I found lube in the nightstand and coated my fingers. Then I slid them into her pussy. She didn't need the lube but gasped at the cool slickness.

I nudged my dick against her hole and then slid in slowly. Her angle—nearly flat on the mattress—made her tight pussy even tighter.

"Oh, Jesus," she groaned.

I covered her with my body and fucked her in hard, quick thrusts.

She came, sobbing against the pillow, her pussy milking me eagerly.

Then I flipped her over and ate her pussy. She was sensitive and wriggling, so I trapped her upper thighs with my forearms and made her stay still.

"They're going to fuck you. Taking turns. Maybe together. I don't know." I lapped at her, flicking the tip of my tongue against that hard knob of flesh. "Do you want that?"

**"I GRABBED
HANDFULS OF
HER HEART-
SHAPED ASS
AND SQUEEZED."**

harder. It felt made of iron. I grinded against her and held her steady.

"But right now—"

She kissed me again, her mouth desperate and lovely against mine.

"Right now, what? What?"

"Right now, I want to fuck my beautiful wife." I pulled her sweater over her head, making her chocolate hair poof out for a moment before it settled around her pretty face.

"I like the sound of that," she said.

I unbuttoned her jeans slowly, then dragged her zipper down. I shoved her pants down around her hips and then tickled her belly with my fingertips. Her

She nodded repeatedly, clutching at me. Words were lost on her.

I froze, my tongue on her flesh but not moving.

Finally, she caught on. "Yes! Yes. God, I fucking want it."

I finished her off then, sucking her pert little clit and feeling her body buck with the intensity of her orgasm.

When she'd caught her breath, I helped her sit on the edge of the bed and held her head in my hands while I fucked her mouth. When I came, she cleaned me with her tongue. Her gaze never left mine.

Todd, Brian, and Dave arrived with hearty handshakes and bottles of booze. Over shots of whiskey and cigars in the sun room, I explained to them about Beth. About her wishes and mine and that it was an open invitation.

I wasn't surprised that all three were onboard.

Later that night, while Beth rode my dick, I told her what they'd said. "Better get that pussy ready for tomorrow, my love."

She came.

The next day we were due to have an informal barbecue after the festivities.

Beth wore a pretty spring dress and sneakers with no socks. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail and she looked fresh-faced and lovely. The best hostess anyone could want. She'd dish up potato salad and ribs, then suck your dick while taking it from behind.

I had to cover a smile when the thought flitted through my mind as she passed out beers.

"So, any idea how this will go?" Todd asked. He ran a hand through his strawberry-blond buzz cut as he eyed Beth.

"Do we take turns," Dave asked, "or



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just go at it as a group?" He grinned as he stroked his dirty-blond beard. I imagined him eating Beth's pussy.

"I think you guys are overthinking it," Brian said. He patted his lap. "Do you agree, Beth?"

Her cheeks flushed a lovely shade of pink and I knew she liked him taking control. Brian always had been the ringleader, so I wasn't surprised.

She glanced at me briefly and I gave her an encouraging smile and nod. She went to Brian and sat on his lap, facing me. I could see her settle in, wiggling her sweet little ass against his crotch. Brian's eyes flashed with satisfaction and his big hands came up to settle on her hips. He held her and I watched him move against her, getting some friction going.

Todd and Dave were watching, too.

I chuckled and said, "My guess is you guys should follow Brian's lead."

Brian wiggled his eyebrows comically, but then his face went serious as he lifted the back of her dress and stroked her pink panties.

Beth gasped slightly, wiggled, and

sighed as he slid his hand around under her dress to cup her pussy.

"I think you should stand up and let me help you out of those clothes," Brian said.

Beth stood immediately and turned to face him. He lifted her dress and she held it for him at waist level. He slid her panties down slowly, dragging it out for her, for him, for all of us.

When her panties fell around her ankles, she stepped free of them.

She dropped the dress and Brian turned her so he could pull down the side zipper. Beth stepped out of the dress and stood there in nothing but a smile.

"There we go. Much better," Brian tugged her wrist so that she stepped toward him. He put his hand between her thighs and knocked it side to side. She immediately repositioned herself, widening her stance. He studied her like that, fingers parting her pussy lips, looking at her pink slick folds and her clit. He blew on it and her whole body started trembling.

He slid a finger inside her and my stomach flexed and my cock twitched.

She shut her eyes, swaying slightly. He slid a second finger inside her and she made a softly pleased sound. He pulled gently and she took a step toward him. He leaned up in the overstuffed armchair and sucked her clit.

Her moan lit me up on the inside. Made me want to run over, bend her over, and fuck her hard. But this was about watching. And enjoying.

He made her come. Just like that. His tongue and his fingers and the excitement overtaking my baby girl pushed her over the edge.

He nodded and she got down on her knees in front of Brian. Without being told, she knelt down and undid his pants. She got his cock free and slid her pretty pink lips down the shaft.

Todd got on his knees behind her and cupped her teacup-sized tits in his hands. He squeezed and she stopped sucking long enough to straighten up. His arm looped around her and his mouth came down on her neck. He scraped his teeth along her skin and pinched her nipple and I saw her lovely pale skin rise up in goose bumps.

My cock ached to be touched. I folded my hands in my lap.

Todd rubbed his dick on the small of her back, across her skin, before finally hiking her up onto her knees and sliding into her wet slit. I saw his eyes drift shut in pleasure and heard his breath hitch. He held on tightly to the flare of her hips and thrust deep and quick.

Beth moaned around Brian's cock and he held her hair in his fist.

She gobbled him up, jerking her fist up and down his length. I heard her gasp for air as she took him into her mouth. He thrust up, holding her firmly but gently.

Todd was working a finger into her ass. He moved it in time with his thrusting. She moaned deeply at his ministrations.

I watched him as he pulled completely free of her pussy and then delved back in, repeating that over and over, apparently





mesmerized by the sight of her tight hole swallowing up his big hard dick.

"When he comes in that pussy, I'm next," Brian said. "I'm not going to come in your mouth, Beth. I'm going to come deep inside you. Because my best buddy over there, your husband, said I can come wherever I want."

The words hit her hard and I watched her cheeks flood with color. She sucked him feverishly, like a woman possessed.

She came hard as Todd fucked her. Poor Todd hit his limit. He drove into her over and over again, muttering things under his breath. His face intent, his breathing loud, his body stark.

He came, his head tossed back, a gruff cry ripping out of him.

Brian chuckled darkly and said, "Pull out, Todd. Give me my turn."

Todd did as he was told. He always

capitulated to Brian and his requests.

Brian spun her around; apparently, he was going to rule the roost from the chair. She sat on his lap slowly, because she held her pretty thighs together as she sank down atop him. His cock slid

**"SHE SUCKED
HIM FEVERISHLY,
LIKE A WOMAN
POSSESSED."**

slowly into her already cum-slick pussy.

"There we go. Does that feel good, pretty?" He reached up as she sank down on him and cupped her tits in his hands. He massaged them slowly as she sank. When she was fully seated, she exhaled slowly like she was relieved. Brian traced her nipples with his fingertips and I saw her bristle with pleasure.

Again, her gaze found mine, and I smiled at her. She smiled back and blew me a kiss as she started to move, taking his cock as she rose up and down on his lap. She faced away from him. He pinched her nipples and started to move, driving up from beneath her. I watched his thighs flex every time he did.

Dave saw his chance. He went to her and stroked her hair, bending to kiss her throat. She let her eyes drift shut and then forced them open to watch him

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pull out his big hard dick. She stuck her tongue out and touched it to the tip. I knew Beth well enough to know that she was licking a small dot of pre-come off his cockhead.

He grunted and pushed his big hand into her thick hair. He tugged her gently toward his crotch and she swallowed him down.

She rose and fell on Brian's cock. He helped her, holding her hips in his huge

**“HE WENT TO HER
AND STROKED
HER HAIR,
BENDING TO KISS
HER THROAT.”**

hands, levering her up and down on his erection. Every few times he'd thrust up from beneath and she'd grunt, her mouth full of Dave's dick.

He looked at me and I cocked an eyebrow, smiling. He blushed a hot pink but kept fucking my wife's mouth. My mind had turned to the joy that awaited the moment I got to reclaim her ravished pussy. The second I got to drive balls-deep into her already slick, come-filled pussy. I wanted badly to jerk off, and yet I didn't. I wanted to watch and wait and get myself worked up so that when I fucked her, she'd forget all about the others.

“Move back,” Brian said to Dave.

Dave didn't question it. He pulled free of Beth's mouth and took a few steps back. Brian lifted Beth off his cock and stood up. He pointed to the ottoman at their feet. “Put your belly on that, sweetheart. Ass up, mouth open.”

She growled softly, excitement evident on her face. She did as she was instructed. She put her torso over the blue ottoman and it stabilized her. Her

ass was perky, her thighs spread. She flexed her toes in the carpet restlessly.

Brian got on his knees behind her. Stroked her ass. Dragged his finger up her ass crack and then pressed his thumb against her asshole. She murmured and I smiled.

He pressed forward with his cock, stretching and filling her wet pussy. I could see the glisten of her plump flesh and the flash of come from where I sat. I chewed my lower lip to keep my focus when my hand wanted to stray to my dick.

David got on his knees in front of her. She parted her lips wide and took him when he slid his cock deep. They worked her from both ends, Brian gripping her hips in his hands, smacking her ass when the spirit moved him.

She cried out, her body bounced, but I watched her drive herself back to meet his thrust all while gobbling Dave's hard-on.

Todd reemerged, his hand a blur as he stood over my wife, watching our other two friends fuck her vigorously. I could hear the slap-slap-slap of his fist on his cock and wondered if he'd manage to come again.

I was rooting for him.

I pressed the heel of my hand against my rigid member and tried to focus on the prize. Taking her back, showing her that she was mine.

Brian pressed his hand against the small of her back, fingers splayed, and fucked her for all he was worth. His face grim, his jaw set, and his head tilting back, he screamed, “Fuck!” and then came.

Dave saw his chance. He pulled his cock out of her lovely mouth and moved behind her. Brian moved slowly, hesitant to pull free of her tight, warm pussy.

David slid into her with great relish. He took his time. He reached beneath her and tickled at her clit. She hummed softly, happy to have the stimulation.

“Why don't you reach under there and play with yourself?” Brian asked. He'd



dropped back into the armchair and was once again in command—only a watcher, but ruling the situation.

He glanced at me and I gave him a nod as if to say, “Carry on.”

Beth slid her hand beneath her hips and I watched her arm flex as she stroked her clit. She pushed back to take Dave and hummed softly as Todd got down on his knees. His freshly stoked erection slid past her lips, and she laughed softly as she began to suck.

Used well and good, she would be a very happy girl when we had our time alone.

She was their personal push-and-pull toy as they fucked her, one slamming her pussy, the other invading her mouth.

She gasped and gagged and writhed while working her clit. When she came, her body convulsed like a woman possessed.

David made it a few strokes before he came. “Jesus Fucking Christ—” was all he managed to say as he emptied into her, his fingertips blanched white from clutching at her hips.

Todd’s hand was tangled in her thick hair as he fucked her mouth. He drove deep and I heard her gag, and that did him in. He hissed and emptied into her willing mouth. I watched her swallow him down and thought I might come in my fucking pants like a teenager.

There was silence as they all regarded me. I grinned like a kid on Christmas morning. “If you all will excuse me—maybe go start the grill for our barbecue—I’d like some time alone with my wife to remind her exactly who she belongs to.”

They left without a word. I could hear their murmured conversation recede down the hall.

I held my hand out to Beth and she took it. “Now get up on that bed. I need to remind you exactly who that pussy belongs to.”

—T.K., Vancouver, B.C.





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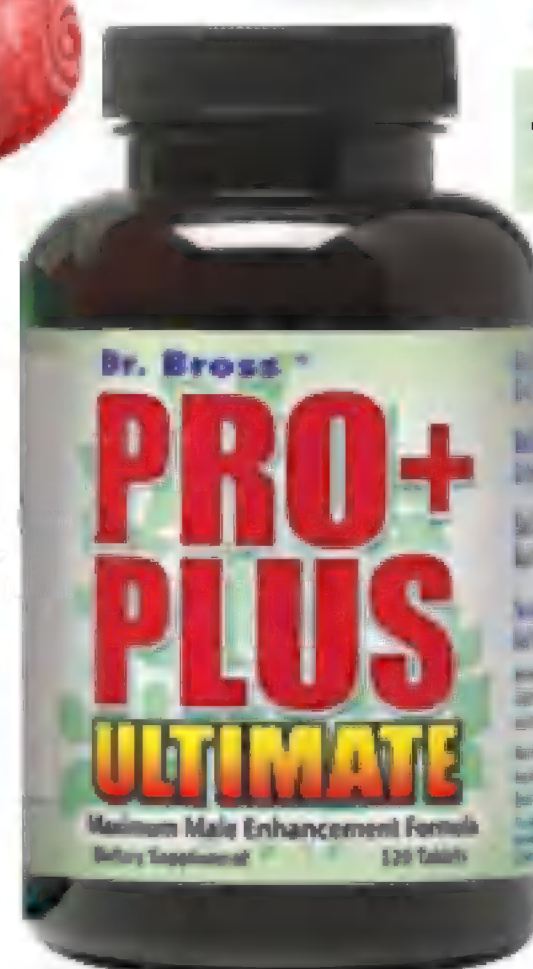


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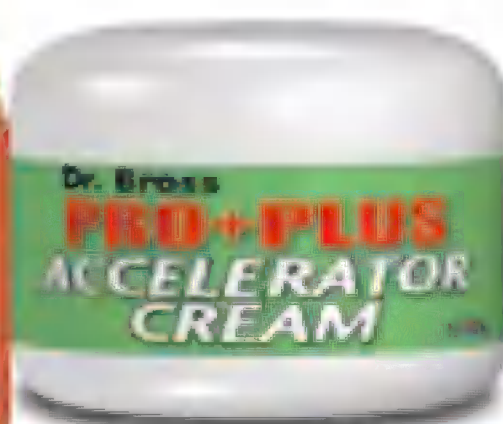
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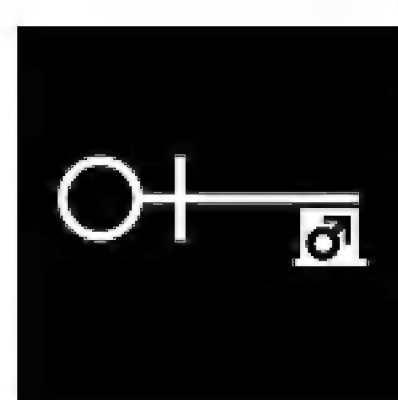
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LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON OPEN SEASON

CARNAL CARNIVAL

Three women, one husband, Mardi Gras.
Need we say more?

We don't live there anymore, but my wife and I always fly home to New Orleans for *réveillon* dinner at Christmas and again during high carnival time for various balls and parades. No one who has grown up here would ever dream of missing such time-honored traditions. However, even as we don our white gloves and formal attire, my wife and I are hardly "traditional" ourselves.

We're both in our early forties, childless, and have been married over fifteen years—and we happen to enjoy regular "guest stars" in our private life. As it happens, I'm not so much into swinging with other couples or "wife swapping," but my wife enjoys having occasional sexual affairs with other women. Who am I to deny her some fun if I'm away on business—or whenever? However, most of the time I am treated to either watching or participating myself—so yeah, I have a really, *really hard* life!

Madison has been proudly and openly bisexual since college, which was a bold move back in the day on a conservative Southern campus. She and I met in law school. She was a senior editor of the law review, and I was the new junior member who was dating one of her ex-girlfriends, who is actually still friends with both of us.

While Madison might look like a perfectly coiffed former cheerleader and beauty queen on the outside, I know firsthand what a nympho she is on the inside, and I couldn't be happier to let her be herself. We're kindred spirits and also compatible freaks, and this past carnival season, I experienced a poignant reminder of how lucky I am.

We were in our hotel room getting ready for a large masked charity ball

when my gorgeous wife came up behind me: "I love you in a tux, baby."

"And I love you in nothing at all." I smirked and finished fixing my bow tie.

"You'll get that soon enough. But not now, I can't mess up this hair."

I pretended to look hurt. "Oh come on, don't be cruel."

"I'd never be cruel, baby." Madison leaned in and kissed my neck. "In fact, I'm fixing to pick someone out for us tonight. Are you down for that, darling?"

**"DO YOU THINK
YOU CAN HANDLE
ALL THREE OF US
TONIGHT?"**

Her hands roamed down my chest and dangled dangerously below my belt.

"You better put those hands elsewhere unless you want me to ruin that hair."

She giggled and squeezed my shoulders. "I just want you thinking happy thoughts is all."

"Always." I smiled back at her in the mirror. "Are you going to get us into trouble?"

Madison kissed my cheek. "Just you wait and see. You always like who I pick, though."

"That's very true, dear." I patted her ass as we headed out for the night. The thought of a probable threesome tonight with my wife and another hot woman

already had me pitching a tent, but for the time being, I tried to quell my desire with thoughts of taxes and baseball.

Madison donned her lace Venetian mask that paired perfectly with her backless velvet gown. "Ready?"

"Of course I am, gorgeous." I planted a kiss on her cheek and put on my own mask. "Let's head down."

The outside of the hotel ballroom teamed with well-dressed crowds. Since it was for charity and not just a krewe ball, there were some non-locals and "outsiders" in the mix, which was kind of a relief. It gets a little stifling and small here sometimes in certain circles.

Still, no matter how many times we've done this, I never get tired of walking into a room and having Madison on my arm, especially knowing full well that the other men in attendance, as well as other women, are mentally undressing her. She's a green-eyed natural redhead with sensual curls. For tonight, she'd swept them back into a loose bun so that everyone could see her exposed back and slender shoulders.

My wife and I spent the first half of the night mingling with other couples and hitting the buffet. Even with delicious food and king cake all around—which could make for an erotic letter all on its own—I was starting to feel discouraged. We kept running into people we actually knew, and Madison and I never like to complicate "play time" by having significant "real life" overlaps.

"Honey?" Madison tapped my shoulder, breaking my reverie. "I'm going to run to the ladies' room. Be right back." It sounded like a routine thing to say, except she followed it up with a wink.

I tilted my head. "Who do you have your eye on?" I whispered.

"If my hunch is correct, you'll see



soon enough." Madison kissed me on the cheek.

I downed the last of my bourbon on the rocks, watching the velvet dress drape and sway around her derriere as she moved through the crowd.

At that point, I had a flashback to our first Mardi Gras ball together, years and years ago. That night had ended with a threesome—my first one, in fact. Madison picked out this plump and delectable butter blonde named Kelly, and we spent the whole night sharing her. I felt myself getting flushed as I remembered Kelly begging me to fuck her doggy-style while she ate out my wife.

I stepped out to the courtyard and took in the scent of all the native midnight jasmine and the damp musk that characterizes the perpetual humidity here.

Not even five minutes passed before my phone buzzed. A text from Madison read: "Come up to the terrace."

I won't say that I "ran," but I moved with what we'll call "great urgency" through the throngs of revelers, gripping my phone like it could somehow control the rising tide of arousal. If anyone was trying to say hi to me, at least the loud jazz band could make for a perfectly plausible and polite, "I didn't hear you" excuse.

Above the mezzanine, there was a covered terrace that spanned the entire third floor. I passed a few couples making out as I made my way to the end, where my wife had found a discreet area between two potted palms.

I stopped short of fully approaching, though—I wanted to watch her—and from years of experience, she knew it.

In the corner of the terrace, I could see Madison kissing this really hot dark-haired woman who wore a strapless purple dress and a feathered mask.

What I didn't expect was to see another set of perfectly manicured hands reach around to cup my wife's breasts. I moved a little bit closer and my jaw about hit the ground as it became clear that Madison was sandwiched between two gorgeous women who were clearly having their way with her.

Madison closed her eyes and moaned softly as the champagne-blonde behind her (wearing a teal sequined number with a peacock mask) licked her neck, and the dark-haired babe in front kissed her way down my wife's cleavage. The fact that they all kept their carnival masks on made this feel even more illicit and decadent, *à la Eyes Wide Shut*.

I stepped a little closer and stood in the light, my gaze fixed on the dark-haired woman who was getting on her knees now and lifting my wife's dress to expose her sheer mesh panties. Without peeling them off, the brunette woman teased my wife's clit. And then she licked her own fingers and slipped them right inside Madison's panties.

As Madison moaned sharply, the blonde behind her pulled her into a kiss. I felt sweat starting to pool in my underarms and moistening my chest, and it had nothing to do with the 80% humidity.

The brunette pulled her fingers out of Madison's panties and licked them. And that's when I made myself known: "Ladies, what kind of party is this?"

Madison broke into a grin and helped

the dark-haired woman up. "Honey, you remember me telling you about that girl in my sorority up in Baton Rouge? That one who was my first?"

How could I forget? "Oh, yes, I do."

"Well," my wife smiled, "Look who I ran into! This is Camille."

"The famous Camille?" I grinned and extended my hand.

Camille smiled. "I've heard a good bit about you, too, Harry."

I chuckled.

The blonde in the peacock mask nuzzled my wife's neck and Madison squeezed her hand. "And this beauty is Ana. She's a friend of Camille's from Atlanta."

"A special kind of friend," Camille added.

Ana giggled and offered me her gloved hand. I didn't let on at the time, but I recognized Ana as a certain professional football player's on/off girlfriend.

"*Enchanté, madam.*" I smiled. "So, ladies, what are the plans for this evening, hmm?" I looked at my wife, but Camille spoke again:

"Well, we were going to fuck your wife," Camille giggled.

I smirked and shook my head. "See now, my wife had me thinking that she was going to fuck you."

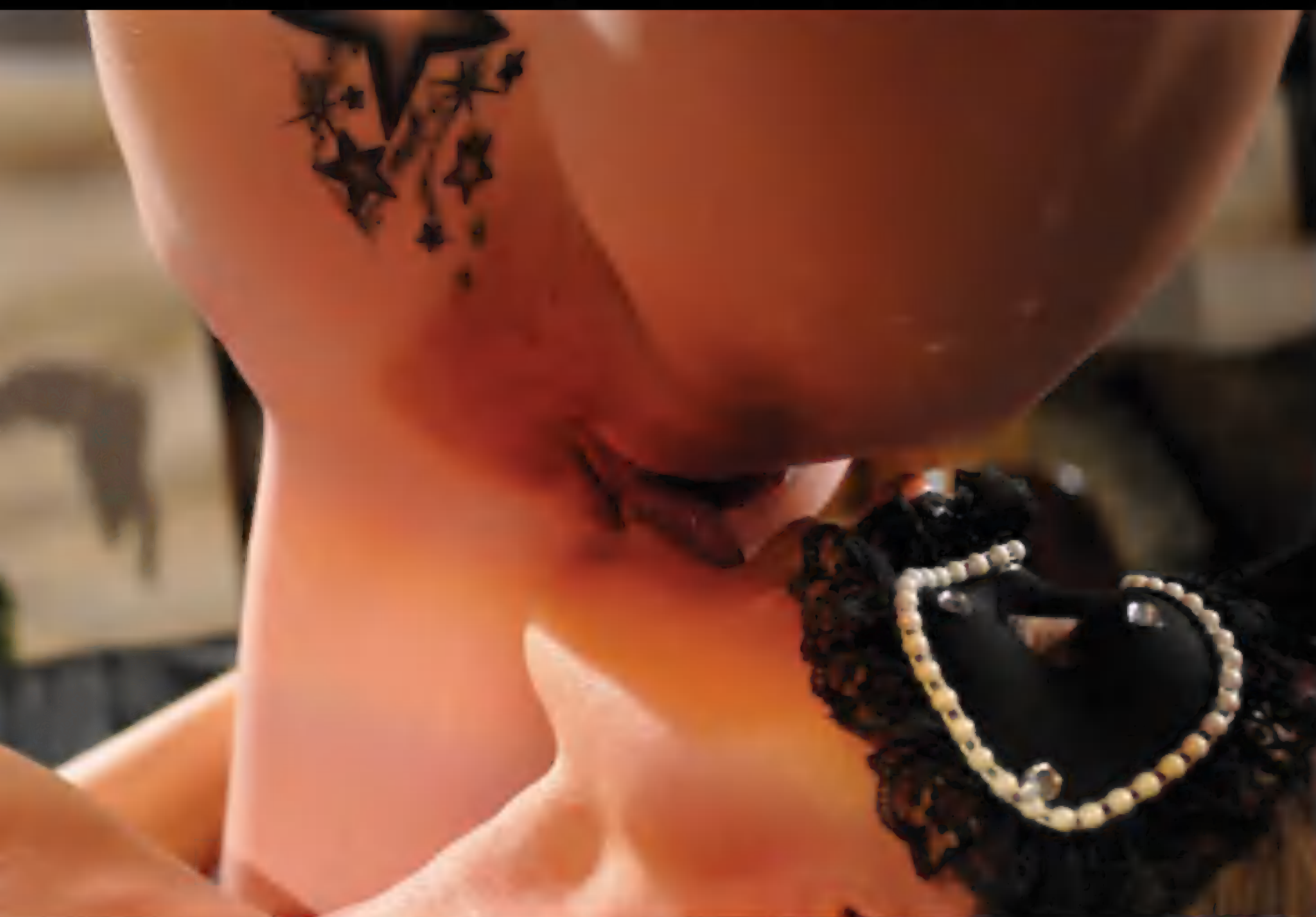
Madison laughed. "A slight technicality that we'll remedy shortly, dear—everyone's going to get fucked."

"Will you be joining us?" Camille asked. "I know Ana could definitely use some dick—with your wife's permission, of course."

Madison and Ana collapsed with laughter.

LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON OPEN SEASON



Madison tried to compose herself. "Do you think you can handle all three of us tonight?"

"Anything for you, baby." I kissed my wife on the lips, grateful that I hadn't gone for that third bourbon. "And y'all have no idea how fucking hot you are." I unbuttoned my collar for emphasis.

Camille laughed. "I like him, Madison. Let's get out of here."

Madison, Camille, and Ana managed to behave themselves on the ride back to the hotel, but I think even the taxi driver was picking up on the fact that those three were horny as could be. I got out of the car last, and he gave me the most incredulous look.

I stepped into the hotel lobby with my wife on one arm and her two friends on the other. The wonderful thing about this city is that no one really bats an eye, especially this time of year.

By the time the elevator doors shut, I was in the midst of three girls kissing and groping each other—and me, too.

Madison reached down and felt my dick; of course, I was already rock-hard. "How do you want to do this, baby?" She kissed me.

"Well, I think you should be in charge."

"MY WONDROUS NYMPHO OF A WIFE LOOKED UP AT ME WITH THE SWEETEST SMILE."

I playfully pinched her bottom. "You say who gets to ride when."

My wife grinned and nodded.

"Oooh," Ana grinned, "I like that idea."

I smirked. "Have you slept with my wife before?"

"No, I haven't. Why?" Ana asked.

I laughed. "It's going to be a long night, that's all."

"Oh, good!" Camille caressed Madison's back. "That means she hasn't changed since college."

I opened the door to our suite as Madison laughed and pulled Camille into another kiss.

I stripped down to my boxer briefs and opened a bottle of champagne while the girls were in various states of undressing each other on the bed. Soon the floor became a pile of dresses, panties, high heels, and discarded carnival masks...talk about a worthy postcard image!

Camille had an amazing set of enhanced DD's with nice dark nipples that Madison sucked on and admired. "Wow, I don't remember these."

Camille grinned. "Present from my ex-husband."

My wife herself is a full, natural C-cup, and that peaches-and-cream redhead complexion means her nipples and pussy are the same sweet shade of rose pink.

And then the lovely blonde Ana had sexy tan lines all around her tits and pussy.

I sat down on the ottoman at the bottom of the bed, determined to bide my time. "Why don't the three of you all kiss?"

My beautiful Madison beamed at me and got in the middle of Camille and Ana, pulling them close.

Camille moaned softly. "I want to finish tasting that pussy of hers."

I felt my cock twitch with excitement. "Just do whatever feels natural."

Ana guided Madison down on the bed and kissed her, while Camille got between her legs: "Mmm, that's what I'm talking about."

Camille got right to work, licking and fingering Madison's pussy; Ana's tongue joined hers shortly thereafter.

Between the two of them, they occupied every inch of my wife's perfectly smooth snatch.

Madison moaned loudly and pinched her nipples. I loved watching the contortions of pleasure on her face.

At some point, my wife insisted Ana get on top of her so the two of them did a little 69. Ana licked and sucked Madison's clit while Camille finger-fucked both her pussy and asshole.

Soon enough, my wife was squealing in orgasm; Camille's finger-drilling was

hitting her G-spot, so when Madison came, she squirted.

Ana moved to give Madison some air; she lay there panting, with a giddy grin on her red face. "Oh fuck, Camille."

"Haven't lost my touch, have I?"

Madison giggled and shook her head. She looked up at Ana. "Don't worry, I didn't forget you."

"That's OK," Ana grinned. "The night is young."

"That it is," I nodded.

Madison smiled at me. "Honey?"

"Yes?" I said.

"Can you get that stiff cock over here?"

She didn't have to ask twice! I consider myself very spoiled to have already enjoyed many double blowjobs in the context of the occasional threesome, but this was my first triple blowjob. Once the three of them got going, I felt tongues and lips from the tip of my dick all the way to my taint. They each took turns taking my length in their mouths, going as deep as possible, while the others licked and sucked my balls.

I'm not going to lie. I wanted to cum like 90 seconds in!

"Madison," I groaned. "You ladies are going to kill me."

"Don't worry, baby." My wondrous nympho of a wife looked up at me with the sweetest smile: "You give us that nice hot load, and then you can recover and watch me fuck Ana with my toy until you're ready to go again."

A choir of angels couldn't have been more beautiful than those words! I tried to last as long as possible, but trust me: Even a pet rock would be cumming if these three babes had their way with it. As I shot my load, Madison rolled my dick between her tits and licked up the pearly strands of cum that had fallen into her cleavage. Camille and Ana followed her lead, and even though I was spent, I felt the arousal coming right back again as I watched them all share my come.

True to her word, Madison got her strap-on toy out of her luggage. Ana



LETTERS

SPOTLIGHT ON OPEN SEASON



wanted to be taken from behind, so she got on all fours in the middle of the bed. And while Madison fucked Ana's pussy, Ana licked and fingered Camille.

It's hard to say who came first: Ana or Camille. But in the aftermath, my wife insisted that I fuck Camille.

"Howabout I ride him?" Camille asked Madison. "Then I'd love it if you fuck me in the ass for old time's sake."

My wife beamed. "Of course." She looked at Ana. "Want his tongue on you?"

Round two commenced for me: Ana sat on my face, Camille mounted my dick, and my wife fucked Camille's ass.

This was above and beyond the hot threesome that I was expecting, and I wasn't about to complain! What's a guy to do with a triple-pussy pile-up on his hands other than try his damndest to keep up?

Luckily, Camille came rather quickly from the DP, and then it was Ana's turn.

I put Ana on her back and her legs over my shoulders, and Madison sat on Ana's face. And while Ana licked her clit, Camille crept around back to eat Madison's ass. In any case, the view of my gorgeous wife getting pleased while I was balls-deep quickly sent me over the edge. After Ana came, I pulled out, feeling another load coming.

My wife leaned forward and proceeded to milk me dry and swallow my load, hogging it all to herself.

After a break (and a protein bar), I rejoined the girls. By then, Madison, Ana, and Camille were in the midst of a vibrator-fueled daisy chain; I lost track of how many orgasms they gave each other.

But eventually, my wife wanted—and needed—to be fucked. And she wanted Madison to return the favor and fuck her ass, too.

"I've been waiting for this moment," Camille smirked at me conspiratorially.

I grinned and felt myself getting hard again. "Let's do this."

Camille and I managed to sync our thrusts so as to drive my wife absolutely wild. When I pulled out, Camille thrustured in. We rocked back and forth like a seesaw.

Madison whimpered and moaned, feeling both her holes stretched and the unrelenting waves of pleasure. "Oh, yes! Oh, fuck—yes, fuck me, both of you!"

As for Ana, she sucked my balls and stroked Madison's clit and otherwise kept morale high: "Are you gonna come for us?" She teased Madison and pinched her nipples.

Soon enough, Madison's body

**"I FELT TONGUES
AND LIPS FROM
THE TIP OF MY
DICK ALL THE WAY
TO MY TAINT."**

convulsed and shook. The blood rushed to her face, and she was sweating so much, her make-up was slowly coming off. Her mouth hung open and this primal yelp came out. She came so hard that she collapsed on top of me and passed out for a brief moment. I held my wife and gave Camille a thumbs-up.

But once Madison got her bearings again, our wild foursome kept going almost until the dawn broke.

At that point, Ana had to go catch a flight, so she showered and bowed out. But Camille lingered for a bit, and the three of us had some more fun—albeit lazy fun—and ordered room service.

When Camille left, my wife soaked in the tub. "That was something, baby." Madison blew me a kiss.

"You're telling me!"

Madison giggled. "You know we'll back in a few weeks for Mardi Gras weekend, right?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, I've already invited Camille, so..." Her voice trailed off as she gave me a mischievous grin.

By the time Fat Tuesday proper rolled around, I was so exhausted from all of our carnal carnival fun that I teased Madison about how I would be giving up threesomes for Lent.

Her response? "If I can get Camille to bring another friend again, then it won't be a threesome—so it won't count."

—Mark T., Chicago, IL



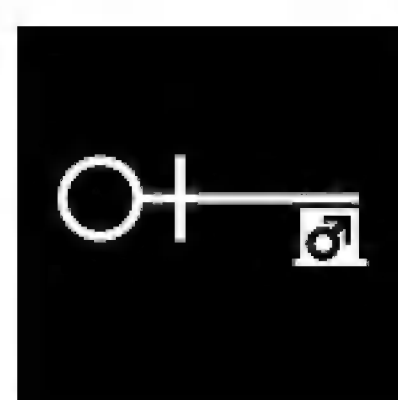
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LETTERS

▷ BOOTY TIME

❶ REAR COMPARTMENT

I'm a former commercial flight attendant who managed to land a cushy corporate gig. If you can adjust to the twenty-four-hour advance schedule notices, handle lots of diva demands with grace, store and serve caviar properly, and more or less be prepared to fly like James Bond all over the world, then it's a step up. At the very least, it's a wild ride—and it suits me just fine.

Even beyond traveling, I've always been one for adventure; I crave sexual variety in a way that some people might find excessive—or they're just too shy to try it out for themselves. I've had my share of sexy strangers in exotic ports of call. But let's face it: Everyone sleeps alone sometimes. And at least in my view, that's no excuse not to still have a good time. "Flying solo" should be fun, too—hence, I keep a pretty extensive "kit" packed away in my carry-on. Many of the newer vibrators out there are

small, non-phallic, and "travel-sized," but go figure—I'm both a "size queen" and an anal fanatic, so I often need to be a bit more creative about hiding that larger dildo or butt-plug collection. Hey, if I can't find a cute guy with an accent to fuck my ass after another transatlantic flight, I have to get by somehow, right?

However, a few months ago, my jet-setting and bed-hopping pattern took a surprising turn. My longtime colleague Darian and I had just flown from London to Lisbon. With the VIPs deplaned and well on their way, the two of us made our way back to the small crew storage area to retrieve our bags.

Even though the two of us have maintained a strictly professional and platonic kind of relationship, there was always a spark between us that made me wonder if the attraction was mutual. Darian is tall, darker-skinned, and made of lean muscle. Not going to lie: I have sometimes fantasized about a "layover" of the literal kind, but my sense of

professional etiquette always got the better of me.

"Nice working with you today, Lexi." Darian looked back over his shoulder and smiled at me as we walked down the aisle.

"Likewise! It was a relief to see a friendly face, especially after dealing with that Tokyo-to-Seattle flight last week." I chuckled and shook my head. "The story of the Japanese businessmen who wanted a 30-pound turkey served on their flight, as well as how I managed to get it through security—that's definitely one for my memoirs."

Darian laughed. "Seriously, you can't make this stuff up!"

"Nope," I grinned. "Want to grab dinner? I'm craving tapas."

"Sure. I'm jetting to Bali tomorrow, so I wouldn't mind a good meal and some sleep."

"You got the Bali flight?" I pouted. "Lucky."

Darian chuckled. "I'll let you have it next time." He sniffled a little. "My sinuses are driving me nuts. Maybe that warm air will help."

"I have some decongestant in my purse?" I offered.

"Oh my God, really? I'll buy you dinner tonight if I can have some."

"No worries," I smiled. "It should be right in here." I reached for my little black carry-on tote. Usually I keep little "emergency" provisions in the outer pocket, but I was too busy quasi-flirting with Darian to notice that I had unzipped the middle pocket. Before I could react, my jeweled butt plug and purple pocket-rocket vibrator slipped right out and landed on the floor in front of Darian.

At first, the sight of my toys on the ground didn't seem to register, but then, almost as if in slow motion, Darian did a double take, his mouth gasping open in awe.

I'm a strawberry blonde—and my otherwise pale face must've turned red



enough to match! “Oh—oh my God,” I stammered.

Darian touched my arm, and while I stood there positively stupefied, he bent down to retrieve my toys. He cleared his throat. “So, ah, Lexi...somehow I don’t think these are for your stuffy nose.” He brandished the jeweled butt plug and teased me: “Where does this go, hmm?”

I couldn’t help it: I doubled over laughing—I had to give him credit for knowing how to lighten the mood. Still, though, I felt totally flushed. “Oh my God,” I muttered again, trying to compose myself. “I’m so...” I put my toys back in the pocket.

“Hey—no, don’t feel bad. There is absolutely no reason to.” Darian paused, “Besides, everyone’s got needs.”

I could feel his eyes lingering on me, and I looked up to meet his gaze. Under the circumstances, I figured I had nothing to lose: “What about yours?”

Darian grinned. “Tell you what: Have dinner with me, and then we can talk about what else you’d maybe like to put inside that fine ass of yours, or you can show me how you wear that nice booty jewelry.”

My face lit up. “I think I’m more about showing than telling.”

Darian shrugged. “No need to rush. We got at least eighteen hours here.”

“I’m not rushing. I just don’t like waiting.” I reached into my bag again. “Here’s your decongestant. Give me an hour and meet me in my room.”

Darian chuckled. “All right, then.”

As I raced ahead of him and exited the plane, I felt dizzy, still processing the sudden shift in my situation. By the time I got to my hotel, my panties were soaked through. I jumped in the shower—and not a moment too soon, because Darian showed up early.

I came to the door wrapped in only my towel.

“Am I interrupting anything? Because I know you hate to wait,” Darian teased me.



“THE OUTLINE OF HIS HARD DICK STRAINING BENEATH HIS BOXER BRIEFS WAS IMPRESSIVE.”

“No, you’re right on time.” I licked my lips and dropped the towel. “Join me.” I’m a little bit of an exhibitionist; I’ve never been shy about showing off my body. Besides having a peaches-and-cream complexion, I have a slender frame with long legs, small but full B-cup breasts, and a heart-shaped ass that benefits from regular lunges and squats.

“Goddamn.” Darian leaned in and pulled me into a passionate embrace. In a flurry I helped him undress, leaving his clothes all over the floor. The outline of his hard dick straining beneath his boxer briefs was impressive.

I knelt down and traced his length with my fingertip. “My, oh my. I had my suspicions about this.”

“Did you, now?”

I giggled and slowly lowered his boxer briefs. However, nothing could have prepared me for the wall of flesh that sprang out of the flimsy cotton prison.

The look on my face must’ve have been meme-worthy; Darian started laughing.

“Holy shit.” My mouth was hanging open.

“Are you OK?” Darian asked.

I looked up at him with a smirk. “I’m determined: somehow, some way, that monster cock is going up my ass tonight!”

“One thing at a time.” Darian helped me up and guided me into the shower. We lathered up, and quickly things became even dirtier.

“I’ve been wanting you since I first saw you.” Darian squeezed my butt cheeks and pulled me close.

“Oh, yeah?”

“Oh, Lexi—I’d get hard thinking about your pretty lips and how those would feel—and then I’d see your ass in your uniform skirt.” He laughed and shook his head: “You have no idea what you’ve been doing to me on all these flights.”

“Well, now’s your chance; do it to me.” I stroked his shaft, but to my chagrin, he swatted my hand away.

“Uh-uh—tonight, I want this to be all about you.” Darian proceeded to kiss his way down my body until he reached my shaved pussy lips. And from there, he dove into my snatch with his tongue, teasing my clit first.

I moaned loudly. “Oh, God, I want to fuck you so bad!”

“Oh no, I have to do your ‘back’ first, baby.” Darian moved around so he was kneeling behind me in the shower, and from there, he ate my ass and finger-fucked me until my knees buckled from pleasure.

At that point, we moved our fun onto the bed. Darian was eager to see my

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special jeweled plug in action, and I eagerly obliged. I lubed it up, slid it inside of me, and then got on all fours so Darian could take in the view.

"Well?" I looked back and wiggled my butt.

"I think you could sell more jewelry than Tiffany's does."

I reached back and stroked my clit. "Then you better get a move on, mister."

Darian didn't disappoint; he rammed me with his thick rod from behind, and we went at it doggy-style until I came. Nothing beats the sensation of feeling both my holes occupied. However, this was "butt" a preview of the "feature presentation" for which I'd been lusting.

After Darian pulled out and let me recover from my first orgasm, we decided to take the plunge. He put on a condom and lubed up. "You sure?"

"Mmm, yes, please!" I removed my jeweled plug, feeling ready to take my anal game higher than ever.

Darian gently lubed up my tiny rosebud, which gaped a little bit from the toy. And then very gently, he eased his massive member through the tight ring of muscle past the point of no return.

I inhaled sharply as I acclimated to his considerable girth. "Oh, fuck!"

"AS THE LAST OF MY ORGASM ROCKED THROUGH ME, I COLLAPSED FACE-DOWN ON THE DUVET."

"Use your other toy, baby," Darian encouraged me.

I reached for my faithful pocket rocket, which was sitting on the nightstand with the plug. And as Darian plunged deeper into my asshole, I switched on the vibrator and began to stroke my clit.

Once our bodies got into rhythm, it wasn't long before his incredible cock was bottoming out inside of me and his balls were slapping against my ass cheeks.

"Oh, fuck! I love fucking your ass, Lexi!" Darian moaned.

The vibrations on my clit plus the thrill of having my ass so filled and stretched

sent me into an even higher octave of pleasure.

Mind you, I have loved anal sex for some time and have experienced anal orgasms before; but owing to Darian's size, the sensation was both new and overpowering. My moans transformed into an operatic aria as my ass spasmed around his huge dick and my clit exploded in pure bliss: "Ooooh, yesssssss! I'm coming!"

Darian clutched my hips and gasped, emptying his load deep inside.

As the last of my orgasm rocked through me, I collapsed face-down on the duvet.

The next morning, poor weather grounded all flights, so I went back to my hotel—where luckily, I had help securing my toys and packing my rear all over again.

—L.P., via email

🕸 NAUGHTY DAUGHTER

I'm going to confess the filthiest thing I've ever done, the thing that would get me evicted from my friend group. Anyone would judge me, but the truth is, I have zero regrets.

Context: I'm fifty-one. Divorced, two kids, yadda yadda. My oldest is in college, but my youngest is seventeen. I have a group of friends who are also fathers, and since our kids are around the same age, we hang out a lot. Backyard barbecues, movies, whatever.

My friend Gary has three daughters. His youngest is the same age as my youngest, and his oldest, Kirsten, is twenty-two. Old enough to drink, which means she's been hanging with the adults at the barbecues for a few years. She's a funny girl who always seemed mature for her age, so none of us minded when she started joining us.

About a year ago, though, something changed.

Kirsten got insanely hot.

I know. This makes me a bad father. A bad person. Whatever else you want to call me. But it isn't like I watched the girl grow up—she was just there sometimes, playing in the background. I only started to pay attention when she joined the drinking circle, and for the first year of that, she was still a gangly, pimply sort. Now, though, she's leggy, clear-skinned, and athletic, with a perky body. She even smells good, like vanilla.

Even though I hated myself for it, I started fantasizing about her. I'd jerk off to thoughts of her, pretending she was a stranger rather than my friend's daughter. Every time I saw her, she looked more and more appealing, and it got to the point where I had to excuse myself to the bathroom to masturbate after talking to her.

I felt like such a creep, but the attraction was uncontrollable. Pheromones or something. But I managed to resist the urge to pull her into a closet and fuck her brainless.

Here's the part where I become a terrible person.

There are six girls in the friend group, and they like to hang out away from the adults. Sleepovers when they were younger, house parties and dinners now. But for some fiendish reason, they all decided to have a sleepover again, even though most of the girls are in college. And they decided to have it at my house.

The girls camped out in a den on the second floor while I stayed in my bedroom on the ground floor. After greeting them at the door and showing them where the food was, I locked myself in my room, trying not to think about Kirsten sleeping under my roof. I drank a few beers and jacked off, but I couldn't sleep. Every time I closed my eyes, I thought about her.

Finally, around 1AM, I went to the kitchen to grab another beer, hoping that would knock me out. When I was bent over in front of the fridge rifling

through leftovers, I heard footsteps behind me.

Kirsten was standing in the entrance to the kitchen. She was wearing tiny sleep shorts and a tank top with no bra, and her hair was a little tangled. It made me imagine gripping it in my fist and forcing Kirsten to her knees.

"Can I help you?" I asked, hoping she wouldn't notice the erection tenting my pajama pants. I was shirtless, too—I work out, so I'm not too worried about my appearance—and it made me think how close we both were to being naked.

"Why didn't you come hang out with us?" she asked, moving closer. "I thought you'd at least be up for a drink."

"It's a girl's night," I said. "I know when I'm not wanted."

She grinned. "Now, how could you know that?"

I'm pretty sure I prayed to every saint I could remember the name of, asking for help to resist that bit of flirtation. I stammered a little, and when her eyes skated down my body, I shut the door

of the fridge so it couldn't illuminate the outline of my dick. Then I realized I hadn't gotten a beer yet and opened it again. I was an idiot.

She nodded at the fridge. "Can I have a beer, too?"

That's how I ended up sitting at the kitchen island across from Kirsten at 1AM, hardly able to focus on drinking my beer. Her nipples were hard, and every time she shifted on the stool, the fabric of her shorts rustled and made me imagine what was under them.

We'd been having a fairly normal—if stilted—conversation when she asked the question that changed everything. "Do you like anal?"

I choked on my beer. "What?"

She shrugged. "The guys at school are always after it, but I'm not sure what the fuss is about. I'm curious, but honestly, I don't trust college boys to do it right."

My dick was so hard I felt faint from the abrupt loss of blood to my head. "This is not an appropriate topic of



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discussion."

She laughed. "I never guessed you'd be so stodgy." When she looked at me again, there was heat in her eyes. "Don't pretend you don't ogle me every time I enter a room."

The situation was spiraling out of control. My friend's daughter. My daughter's friend. But the reminders didn't do anything. "That's—I—" I ran out of words, because what does someone say to that?

"You've always been the hot dad," she said, sliding off her stool and walking around the island toward me. "If you're not into it, I get it, but I was kind of hoping you could show me the ropes."

"The...anal ropes?" I clarified, turning around on my stool to face her as she approached.

She nodded and climbed into my lap, straddling my erection, and that was it. I was done for. My hands gripped her ass like they were possessed, and I picked her up and carried her out of the kitchen to my room. She laced her legs around

my back, already kissing my neck.

I tossed her to my bed and landed on top of her. We made out frantically, and when she undulated her hips while rubbing against me, I nearly lost my mind.

"Need to do something first," I said. I took my pajama pants off, then stripped her top and shorts off to reveal perky little breasts and a breathtaking pussy. She widened her legs and then spread her labia with two fingers to show me

how wet she was.

I took the invitation and ate her out. She was tart and sweet, and her responses were incredible. As I fingered her pussy and lapped up all that wetness, she pinched her nipples. When I found the right force and rhythm, she orgasmed with a little stuttered moan that was the sexiest thing I'd ever heard.

"Now," she told me, pushing my head away, "you know what I want."

I retrieved a condom and the bottle of lube I optimistically kept in my bedside drawer. "The key to anal is to take it slow," I told her. "And to lubricate a lot."

I moved her to her hands and knees and widened her legs until the pucker of her asshole was revealed. She was perfect there, too. I licked it a few times while she squirmed, then I lubed up my fingers and started stroking over it. Periodically I dipped a finger an inch or so inside, letting her get used to the sensation.

When she was bumping her hips back against my hand asking for more, I slid my entire finger in. She was hot and tight, and I nearly short-circuited thinking about what that channel would feel like around my dick. I worked my finger in and out gently.

She sighed and rested her head on her hands. "This is way better than I thought it would be."

"We're only starting, sweetheart." Satisfied that she was into it, I added another finger. She shivered and shifted uncomfortably, but soon enough she settled back down. In and out, in and out. I stared at my fingers and the glistening lube as they pulled out of her ass. It was my filthiest fantasy come to life.

"I want all of it," she said, looking back at me. "I want your cock."

Those words sent a jolt of pleasure through me. I reached for the condom, but she shook her head. "I want it bare," she said, "unless there's a reason we shouldn't. I've been tested."

"Me, too." I stared at her upraised ass

**"SHE WAS
BUMPING HER
HIPS BACK
AGAINST MY
HAND ASKING
FOR MORE."**



and the curve of her back, her wet pussy and wicked smile. Was this actually happening? Was I about to fuck my friend's daughter in the ass?

Yes. Yes, I was.

I lathered my cock with lube while she watched with interest. Then I positioned myself behind her and placed the head against her hole. I pushed into her a little, massaging her clit as I did.

She hissed in a breath and tensed, so I stopped an inch in and focused on working that swollen little clit. When she relaxed again, I took a little more.

The more she took, the more she seemed to like it. Soon I was seated balls-deep in her tight, hot ass, and her pussy was soaking my fingers. She moaned and rocked on me, sending my dick in and out. She was fucking herself with me.

I felt like I was going to spontaneously combust, so I stilled her movements with my hands on her hips and took a deep breath to settle myself. When I was in control again, I started fucking her.

I went slow so she could get used to it, but she was soon begging for more. "Touch your clit," I told her, planting my hands on the bed on either side of her. "Make yourself come."

I fucked her hard in the dirtiest version of doggy style, relishing that tight ass that squeezed me like a fist. She moaned with each thrust, and soon the combination of my dick and her masturbation set her off. She screamed into the sheets.

A few more good thrusts and I came, shooting my load deep into her. Her ass squeezed me the whole time, like her body was milking every last drop I had to offer. When I pulled out, come trickled from her hole.

"Well?" I asked as we both collapsed. "Did you like it?"

"I loved it." She grinned at me. "And now you're definitely the hottest dad."

Judge me if you want, but being in that ass was heaven. I would do it again and again. In fact, I'm going to—the next



morning, Kirsten asked the other girls if sleepovers could be a regular thing.

—Anonymous, via email

🔪 PANTS THAT POP

Marie in her goddamned running leggings. They make me think horribly dirty things. And she knows it. The one pair that has spider webs all over it makes me especially insane. Something about the way they hug the curves of her hips and roundness of her delicious ass.

She came out into the hall wearing those leggings, her running shoes, and a favorite tee. Her long black hair was up in a ponytail and she was doing her best to untangle earbuds.

I stared at her for a beat and felt my cock jerk. I'd woken up horny, but seeing her like that just made my brain shut down and my dick wake up.

"Hello, sexy," I growled.

She looked up at me, smiled, laughed, and then—seeing I was serious—she raised an eyebrow in question.

"I like your pants," I said.

She looked at them as if she'd never seen them before. "Oh, yeah. These. You do like these, don't you?"

I nodded.

She turned her ass to me, looked over her shoulder, shook her booty, and said, "They do make it pop, don't they?"

I groaned. "You're killing me."

But she knew damn well what she was doing and I was about to remind her how much I loved that sweet ripe ass of hers.

I went to her and took the earbuds out of her hand. I put them on the ledge and then cupped her pussy through her leggings. I let the heat of my hand sink in as I kissed her roughly. I backed her up against the hallway wall and dragged my finger along the cleft of her pussy. I found her clit as I kissed a line down her throat.

She reached around and grabbed my ass, hauling me forward. I bumped my hard cock against her tight leggings, and she laughed against my shoulder.

"Are you going to fuck me?"

"Oh yeah?"

She pushed me back with tented fingers. "You are? Where? Where are you going to fuck me?"

I knew what she meant but teased her anyway. "In the hallway, it looks like."

Marie rolled her eyes. "Jerk."

I pushed my hand down in her leggings and slid my fingertip between her pussy lips. I pushed my finger into her and it gripped me tight.

"I mean where?" Her pussy quivered around my fingertip. She was turned-on. Beyond turned-on. When I fucked her ass, it drove her crazy.

"In the ass, sweetheart. Of course." I nibbled on her shoulder and with my free hand pinched her taut little nipple through her sports bra. "But first, I need to make sure my girl is good and turned-on. I need to make sure when I slide into your tight little back hole it's good for you and for

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me. How's that sound?"

She was nodding over and over again, eyes shut, mesmerized and aroused by the things I whispered in her ear. Her run was forgotten. Her body was on red alert for the pleasure to come.

I worked my fingers in and out of her wet cunt. She pressed herself against the wall. I kissed her again and she clutched at me—fully aroused, pure instinct, beyond thinking. I dropped to my knees on the hallway's hardwood floor. I dropped my towel. Already naked, go figure.

I pressed my open mouth against her pussy and exhaled, letting my hot breath invade her leggings and her sex. She pushed her hands into my wet hair and when I glanced up at her, she was watching us in the hallway's full-length mirror. I smiled at her reflection, peeled her leggings down, and buried my face between her thick thighs. I slid my tongue along her pussy lips, parted them, found her hard clit, and licked it. Her hips shot forward and her breath

rushed out of her.

I suckled on her clitoris, pushing my fingers into her pussy. I knew she was watching us in the mirror, so I made sure to extend my tongue enough for her to get flashes and flickers of pink as I licked her.

I finally grew tired of my own game and pulled the leggings down all the way. I pulled her sneakers off and took the leggings off entirely, dropping them in a pile. I knocked her legs wide and went back to it, tracing figure eights and whirls and patterns on her clitoris as she bucked and danced against the wall.

I pushed a second finger inside her, driving them against her G-spot.

When she came, she pulled my hair. A gush of juices flowed out of her and I thought I'd lose my mind.

"Face the wall," I growled.

She turned and pressed her cheek to the wall. Her tits were pressed almost flat, her palms on the white surface. I looked at her looking at us in the mirror and smiled. Then I parted her ass cheeks and let my tongue draw mad

circles around her ass. She shivered and giggled like she always does. I licked her until she was pressing that ass back to meet me. I rocked into her, thrusting up hard, lifting her on her tiptoes a few times. We watched ourselves in the mirror. She was breathless and blushing and gorgeous.

She came so fast, I had to laugh. I had managed to turn my beautiful wife on with the thought of fucking her ass.

And now I would.

I pulled out of her and tugged her back a few steps from the wall. I put my hands on her hips, skated them across her lower back, and pressed until she bent herself forward. Her ass was sticking out, hands still on the wall, her long dark hair swaying around her face. She still watched us, making my dick hard enough to pound nails.

I dragged my fingers through her wetness and painted it around her asshole. I pushed a finger into her ass and when it accepted it smoothly, I added a second. She gave a heaving little gasp and my cock jumped at the sound.

I watched my fingers plunge inside her all the way to the top, then pulled them free, and then I thrust them in again. It was mesmerizing to watch. Her sounds told me she was into it, and when she pushed herself back to take my fingers deeper, I knew I was good to go.

I pulled my fingers out and gripped her hips. "Ready for my cock in that sweet ass of yours?"

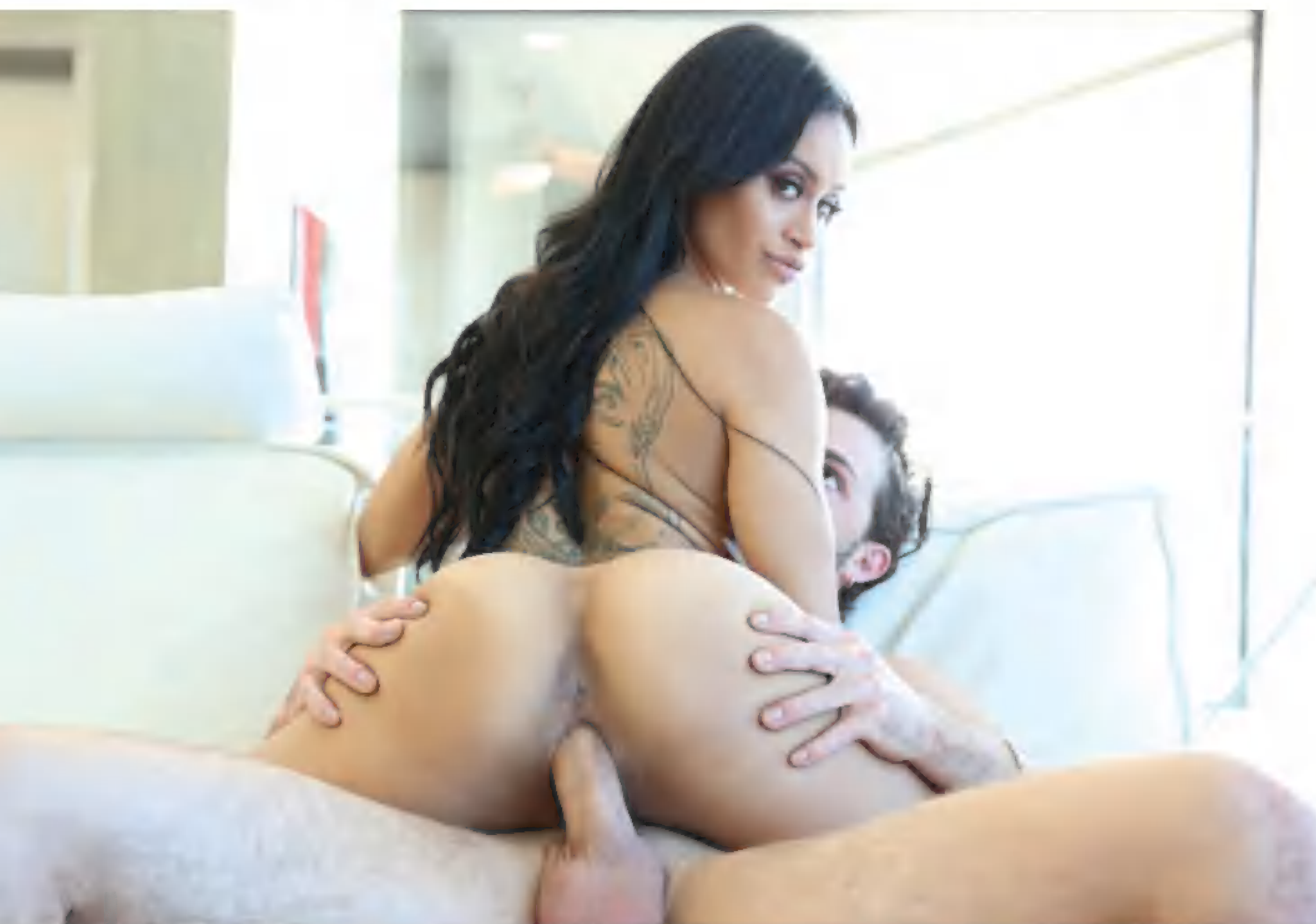
She groaned, tossed her head, and bucked under me.

"Say it," I teased.

"Yes. Jesus. I've been ready. Put it in me. Fuck me."

It was my turn to groan. When she talked like that, it drove me nuts.

I positioned myself and pressed my cockhead to her ass. I watched the tip disappear and felt her velvety flesh encompass me. I shut my eyes for a moment, just taking it in. Then I pressed forward.



Marie was breathing hard. She hummed softly under her breath the way she did when she was immensely turned-on.

"Good?" I asked, moving a bit deeper. I wanted to take my time. Feel it. Stretch her out. Let her wait just a little.

"Yes, baby. Yes." She slid one hand down from the wall and I felt her drive it into her pussy. I could feel the friction of her finger against my cock.

I had to grit my teeth and focus on not holding her hips and fucking her fast and rough. I took my time and when I was fully seated, I could feel that she'd pushed more than one finger into her pussy. She worked her G-spot and I could feel every movement.

I gripped her hips tightly and started to move. Slowly at first. Then faster and harder. I drove into her, holding her steady as she worked her pussy.

"I want you to come," I said.

"I've come twice," she gasped. We regarded each other in the mirror.

"I want you to come again. I love when you come when I'm in your ass. It feels different."

She shut her eyes and I felt her pull her fingers free. Then she was working her clit.

Her ass grew tighter, which meant her pussy had, too. I thrust into her deeply, stayed still for a moment or two, pulled free slowly, and delved in deep again.

She cooed and sighed and I thought the sounds alone would push me past my brink and make me come.

She was warm and tight and very turned-on. Her ass rippled around my dick, working me, tempting me to come.

She was close and I held onto her and my resolve—just barely.

I gave her ass a hard smack and watched the cheek jiggle.

"Again," she whispered.

I thrust into her hard and smacked her again.

"Yes, like that. Again."

I did it again. And again still.



"I SMILED AT HER REFLECTION, PEELED HER LEGGINGS DOWN, AND BURIED MY FACE BETWEEN HER THICK THIGHS."

She was so tight around me, it took my breath away.

"Faster, baby," she whispered. She stared at me in the mirror and I stared back.

I sped up, driving into her, pulling almost out, plunging back in, watching her ass take my cock to the hilt.

She came, her body growing impossibly tight around me. The spasms worked my cock and I went with it, taking every ounce of pleasure her body

offered up.

"Come in me," Marie whispered.

"Come in my ass."

My eyes slammed shut, my fingers dug into her hips, my hips thrust. I held my breath and caught the wave of pleasure.

When I came, it hit me like a fist to the face. I bucked against her and thought my legs would buckle and dump me on the floor.

Marie stood there panting. When she finally turned to me, her cheeks were red.

"Was that as good as a run?"

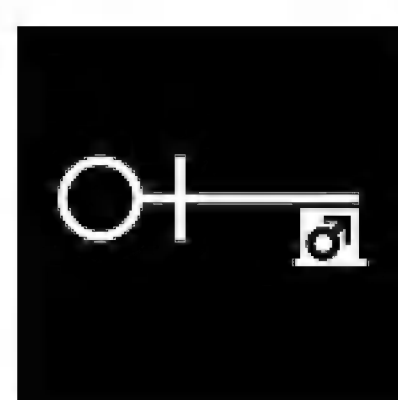
She laughed, pushing her hair back and kissing me deeply. "Better. Didn't even have to leave the house for that high."

I grinned at her. "Did you know I like those pants?" I nodded at the discarded leggings.

"I think I might have picked up on that."

—P.R., Springfield, MO

Send your stories to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department DD, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



➤ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

COMING ATTRACTIONS

When I graduated from law school last year, I had little time to celebrate; the plight of studying for not one, but two different state bar exams loomed over the entire summer. Pretty much the day after commencement, I prepared to kiss my fledgling social life goodbye. It was just as well, since my friends were all married and barely available anyway.

But of course, everyone needs a break sometimes—and when I needed the occasional flight of fancy, I'd find myself going to this small local movie theater. It's one of those single-screen movie theaters with gas lantern lights and ambience that you don't get at a corporate megaplex with stadium seating and surround sound. This hidden gem in my neighborhood showed new releases but also did classic and indie films, too, so I could always rationalize hitting up a matinee or a late-night show.

In no time, I became a regular and started to get to know the people working there. But there was one girl who seemed to completely elude familiarity. For the longest time, I only knew her as "Popcorn Girl," because she worked behind the concession stand. However, that nickname belittles the fact that she was absolutely gorgeous. She had long dark hair and light blue eyes—and a propensity for wearing tight little tops with plunging necklines that showed off her ample bust.

I tried not to stare, but watching her pendulous tits move around as she scooped popcorn and bent down to retrieve candy from the case gave me serious wood. Sometimes I would find myself going to the movies just to see her—and then I'd rush home to jerk off, thinking about what it would be like to

fuck her while her tits flopped all around.

At first, I tried to be friendly and flirt, but Popcorn Girl was always aloof, maybe even abrupt. I figured maybe she had a boyfriend, or maybe she just got hit on a lot. Still, even if I could only admire her from afar, I reasoned that the fantasies she aroused made it all worthwhile. I had broken up with my longtime girlfriend a month before graduation, and there was no way I wanted the drama of trying to date while studying for the bar exam, so fantasies were all I had at the time.

Fast-forward to Memorial Day weekend. I ducked into the theater for a midnight horror movie—the opening selection of what they called the "Summer Scream" series. I went to the concession stand for my usual treats. However, Popcorn Girl was in the back, and while her male coworker waited on me, I watched as she bent over and opened up a box filled with paper soda cups. My eyes honed in immediately on the curves of her ass in skinny jeans, and I would have done anything to peel them down and fuck her right then and there.

"Hey—man, you OK?" The other cashier snapped me back to reality.

"Sorry." I chuckled. "What do I owe you?"

"\$11.49."

I handed the guy my debit card and looked down at my feet, trying to get a grip. I didn't want to walk through the lobby with an erection.

"OK, here you go." When I looked up to collect my popcorn and soda, I saw Popcorn Girl was glancing over her shoulder at me. She raised her eyebrows a bit and then went back to her box and wiggled her ass enticingly, as if she'd read my mind.

I was so flustered that I forgot to take back my debit card and left it on the counter—but as they say sometimes, everything happens for a reason. I decided to sit up in the balcony and just enjoy a dark corner to myself and my poor semi-stiff cock.

With no one around me and the previews just starting, I stretched out and settled in. Maybe a dozen other people were down in the main auditorium tonight, but otherwise the theater was blissfully under-crowded.

I closed my eyes as bar exam problems and the sight of that sweet juicy ass competed for my mental energy. I



**“I OPENED MY EYES
AND SAW NOTHING
BUT A WALL OF
BEAUTIFUL, BUXOM
CLEAVAGE IN
FRONT OF ME.”**

might’ve even drifted off a little, because the next thing I knew, I felt a hand on my shoulder: “Hey—you left this.”

I recognized the voice, but I didn’t believe it. I thought maybe I was dreaming, but then I opened my eyes and saw nothing but a wall of beautiful, buxom cleavage in front of me.

Popcorn Girl cleared her throat and dangled my debit card in front of her tits. “Unless you don’t want it?”

“Oh my God,” I sputtered, with part relief and part unbearable sexual tension. “I am such an idiot.” I looked up into her eyes. “Thank you so much—I—uh—”

“It’s no trouble,” Popcorn Girl replied.

“I really appreciate it.” Our hands touched as I took my debit card back, and as if by magic, the ice melted.

“Well,” she said, leaning in closer, “I guess it’s only fair that I should assume some of the responsibility for your... forgetfulness.” And then, for the first time ever, Popcorn Girl smiled at me.

My mouth opened in surprise and I awkwardly smiled back. “Uh, well, thank you...again.” The jig was up for sure, but I still tried to play it cool. “I’m Kevin, by the way.”

“Angela,” she said, offering me her hand.

With nothing to lose in that moment, I made my move. “So, do you have to go back downstairs, or can you hang out?”

“I’m on a break, as it happens.” Angela slid into the seat next to mine.



“Cool,” I said. I was totally stoked, but not expecting more than maybe getting to finally talk to her.

“Cool? Is that all?” Angela smirked at me.

“I don’t understand.”

“Look, Kevin, I know for a fact you’ve been checking me out all this time.” Angela ran her fingers through her hair.

“Well, yes,” I nodded. “Guilty as charged.”

“And unless I miss my guess, you don’t really care about seeing this movie.” She leaned in and looked at me expectantly.

“You’re right,” I said, pulling her close. “I really couldn’t care less.”

We started to kiss, and things quickly escalated. I inhaled sharply, feeling her hand go right to my bulge.

“Ooh, I’ve been wondering if you had a big one,” Angela whispered.

“Have you, now?” I asked, copping a feel around her magnificent melons, which were soft and natural.

She giggled and gently squeezed my straining dick.

I couldn’t believe my dumb luck or whatever sweet providence this was. As I reached under her shirt, Angela unzipped my jeans and slipped her hand inside my boxers.

The warmth of our aroused bodies in the theater’s cool air-conditioning made the sensations even more intense.

I groaned as she pulled away, but it was only for a moment.

Angela got out of her seat and then down on her knees in front of me. “And now, for your feature presentation,” she teased.

My smile quickly turned into a moan of pleasure as she traced a slow circle around the head of my dick. “Oh, my God.”

Still keeping her eyes on me, Angela licked her bottom lip and then proceeded to take the entire head in her mouth and suck me while her free hand stroked my shaft.

My breath grew ragged as she swallowed down more and more of my length, bobbing up and down my shaft like it was her last meal.

I reached down and tried to help hold her hair back, reveling in the sight of her sucking and gagging.

And that’s when she released me from her mouth and gave me an impish grin. She took off her top and bra, and I almost died and went to heaven when I saw her tits. She had huge pink nipples, which stood at attention owing to both arousal and the cold theater.

LETTERS

➤ PURSUIT & CAPTURE

"Wow," I blurted out.

"I'll take that as a compliment," Angela giggled. "Thank you."

She proceeded to sandwich my stiff and slippery shaft between her tits while keeping her mouth on the head of my dick. The friction and heat of her soft breasts combined with oral was out of this world.

Cupping the sides of her breasts, Angela kept bobbing up and down, sucking on me so hard that I could hear it over the movie. It didn't take long for her to lead me right to the edge.

"Oh—fuck—I'm gonna come all over your tits," I groaned.

Angela pulled away but kept her hand on me. "Oh, no you aren't..."

She stood up and unzipped her jeans, peeling those and her little pink thong right off in front of me. She had a little trimmed triangle of pubic hair but was otherwise shaved. And as she touched herself in front of me, I could see she was soaked and ready to go.

I helped Angela climb into my lap, where she impaled herself on my

waiting dick.

With the movie blaring away on the big screen, Angela rode me in the discreet corner of the upper balcony. And with her tits flopping all around my face, it was definitely a fantasy come to life, but even better.

Angela and I stifled our moans by kissing each other as we went at it. I reached around and squeezed her sweet round ass cheek, pulling her closer and closer to me.

As she tilted her pelvis to meet my thrusts, Angela balanced on the nearby chairs and leaned backward a little so her tits bounced and flopped all over the place as my thrusts grew more intense.

"Are you going to come for me?" I asked, reaching down to rub her clit.

"Oooh, yes!" Angela bit her lip and closed her eyes.

I pulled her back up into a close embrace and muffled her sweet screams of ecstasy with another kiss as I felt my own load release deep inside of her.

"Oh, my God," Angela panted.

"Aren't you glad you finally talked to me?" I said.

She giggled a bit and dismounted from my spent cock. She slipped back on her panties and the rest of her clothes. "Enjoy the rest of the show."

"Hey—can I at least get your number?"

"You already have it. Look on the bottom of your cup, silly." Angela winked.

For the rest of the summer, whenever I had time to take a study break, you're damn right I went to the movies! As to how many of them I actually saw, well...that would be zero. But besides managing to pass both bar exams in July, my greatest accomplishment from that summer is that Angela and I went from "coming attractions" to a "feature presentation" of our own making that keeps on playing.

—Mark L., Brooklyn, NY

🕒 REUNITED

Ten years after my high-school graduation I was in the best shape of my life with money to burn. To say I was excited about my class reunion was

an understatement. I'll admit that I hoped my old crush would show up. Being a quiet observer through most of my high-school career, I didn't spend much time talking to the football team's quarterback. I did, however, spend a good deal of time thinking about Mitch.

Having since shed my mousy image, I couldn't help but wonder if he would finally see me how I saw him.

I didn't have to wait long to find out. Within seconds of sidling up to the bar, Mitch appeared by my side. He waved a drink ticket in my direction. "Can I buy you a drink?"

Smiling, I tucked my own ticket away in my purse. "A martini, please."

Mitch took our drinks and led the way to an empty table in a dark corner of the



gym. I trailed behind him, wondering if everyone around me could hear the steady pound of my heartbeat as clearly as I could.

When we reached the table, Mitch pulled out a seat and gestured for me to sit down. "Jill. I hoped you would come tonight."

Mitch's warm, rumbling baritone washed over me, resonating right between my thighs. Not wanting to give away my own nervousness, I sipped my drink rather than reply.

Fortunately, Mitch filled the silence. "I had the biggest crush on you back in school."

Now that got me. I swallowed hard, praying my martini would go down easy. "On me," I squeaked.

Mitch's dazzling smile spread across his face. "Yes, you," he said. "You always looked so cute and calm while you were tucked away with a book. I promised myself that if I saw you tonight, I would finally talk to you."

A hot blush crept up my chest to my neck. Realizing it was now or never, I decided to take the reins and claim my crush.

I stood and took Mitch's hand in mine, giving him a light tug to get him to follow me. "Let's go make up for lost time."

Though a decade had passed, I remembered that the chemistry lab was down the hall. We ducked through the crowd of our former classmates, escaping notice long enough to disappear into the lab.

As soon as the door clicked shut behind us, Mitch pulled me against his chest. His hands swept over the plane of my back, mapping all of its dips and curves while his lips brushed over the sensitive skin on my neck. His fingers dipped beneath the curve of my ass, giving my cheeks a light squeeze before lifting me up and sitting me on the lab table.

Mitch's hands landed on my thighs as he stepped between my legs. My pussy throbbed when his fingers curled into



"I ROCKED MY HIPS, PRESSING MY PUSSY HARD AGAINST THE FLAT PLANE OF MITCH'S ABDOMEN."

the thick muscle. He pushed my legs open wider, causing the spandex material of my dress to roll up to my hips. Not content with that level of exposure, Mitch slipped his hands under my ass and lifted me again, allowing him to push my skirt all the way up to my waist.

Next, Mitch turned his attention to the bodice of my dress. He hooked his fingers around the thin spaghetti straps and tugged them down my shoulders, allowing them to slowly skim down my arms. Thanks to the plunging V-neck of my dress, my breasts were quickly exposed, pert and plump and absolutely dying for the touch of Mitch's tongue.

For the first time that evening, Mitch's gaze fell from my face and settled on my chest. Licking his lips, he cupped his hands beneath my globes, lifting them to the level of his mouth. His tongue darted out again, but this time it flicked across my nipple, cooling the heated bud and sending a shock to my core.

Sighing, I tilted my head back and wrapped my legs around Mitch's waist, pulling our bodies even closer. Arousal

seeped from my core, wetting the silky material of my thong so that it molded over my pussy lips.

Craving some stimulation down there as well, I rocked my hips, pressing my pussy hard against the flat plane of Mitch's abdomen. Even with his clothes on it was easy to see that his body maintained an athlete's lean, muscular build. He felt better than I ever could have imagined.

While I shamelessly rubbed myself against Mitch, his mouth did absolutely magical things to my tits. The tip of his tongue traced around my areola, teasing me with a taste of what would come.

After successfully awakening every nerve that lived beneath my skin, Mitch closed his lips over my nipple and sucked me into his mouth. His teeth dragged over the swollen bud, sending a shiver up my spine.

Wanting more, I arched my back, shoving my breast deeper into Mitch's mouth. He hummed in appreciation, transferring a buzzing sensation to my nipple. At the same time his tongue swirled around me, soothing the aching nub.

Just when I thought I would burst before Mitch even touched my sex, he lifted his head and turned his attention to my other breast. This time Mitch didn't latch right on my nipple. Instead, he trailed his lips along the underside of my breast, gently caressing the delicate skin. Then he kissed a path to my cleavage, nuzzling his nose against my perfume-scented flesh.

While Mitch used his lips, teeth, and tongue to explore one breast, his hand caressed the other. He cradled my

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breast's weight in his palm while his thumb stroked my nipple. A maddening pulse picked up between my thighs. Dry-humping wasn't going to cut it. I needed to feel his hot, wet mouth move over my slit.

Ready to make that happen, I wound my fingers through Mitch's thick, golden locks and pulled his head up from my chest. Breathless, I whispered, "Suck my clit, quarterback" as I pushed his head down between my legs.

Eager to help Mitch remove my thong, I flattened my palms on the counter and lifted my ass up, leaving him free to pull off the tiny scrap of fabric. When my sex was finally bared to him, Mitch gazed at me reverently. "I am the luckiest guy here tonight," he murmured as his mouth descended upon my pussy.

Mitch slipped his tongue between my folds. He sucked one of my thick, soft lips into his mouth and massaged it, making me writhe beneath him on the counter. After giving me a good long lick, he moved on to the other side, showing it equal love.

My body jerked when the tip of Mitch's finger grazed my hole. He

circled the area for a bit, carefully collecting my liquid arousal to lube himself up before plunging inside me.

Then, finally, Mitch closed his lips over my clit. He flicked his tongue at the tiny bundle of nerves and my whole body twitched. A pleasant tingle radiated from my core, feeling like little flames licking a path across my skin.

The first jolt of pleasure hit me and my ass lifted right off the table. I flexed my feet, digging my heels into Mitch's back. He responded by pumping his fingers into me faster and harder, repeatedly

**"THE GIRLS GOT
DOWN ON THEIR
KNEES AND
TOOK TURNS
TAKING ME IN
THEIR MOUTHS."**

bumping against my G-spot.

My hips squirmed, pushing my sex hard against Mitch's face. Feeling a scream building in my chest, I slapped my own hand over my mouth, hoping it would be enough to muffle any sound that escaped. I was doing a fine job until Mitch started to hum. The gentle vibration of his lips quickly pushed me over the edge. Even biting my finger wasn't enough to hold back the moan that ripped through my body.

Only when my body stopped trembling did Mitch unlatch his lips from my clit. "You were always so quiet. I love that I can make you get loud."

Mitch kissed my thigh before rising to his full height. He reached behind me, giving me a quick kiss as he grabbed something off to the side. When he pulled back, I saw that the mystery item was a simple bottle of olive oil. "Looks like they're still teaching that oil and water lab," Mitch murmured. He cocked a brow, meeting my gaze as he popped the cap off the bottle. "Lucky for us."

Slipping one hand beneath my thigh, Mitch quickly pulled my body forward on the counter. Finding it impossible to sit upright, I propped my elbows behind me, lifting my upper body just enough to watch while Mitch unbuttoned his shirt, revealing well-defined pecs covered in a light dusting of golden hair.

Next, he unbuckled his belt and opened the fly on his dress pants, allowing the material to sag around his hips and slowly fall to the floor. Much to my delight, I saw that Mitch wasn't wearing any underwear.

Taking his erection in one hand and the bottle of oil in the other, Mitch poured the golden liquid over us both. The thick oil dripped over my sex, seeping into my slit.

Mitch pumped his fist over his dick a few times, making sure it was thoroughly coated with oil. Once he was satisfied with the slickness, he pressed the tip against my hole, circling several times to



spread the oil before finally slipping inside.

It took a moment for my body to relax and fully open to Mitch, but once it did, I was in fucking heaven. The oil warmed from the heat radiating between us, providing the perfect lubricant for Mitch to fuck me senseless. He drove into me hard and fast, making my body slide atop the counter. Behind my head, little test tubes clinked together on their stand, marking the rhythm Mitch set.

My walls rippled and twitched over Mitch's dick, drawing him deeper. Then Mitch pressed his thumb to my clit and I swear I saw stars burst before my eyes. I screamed so damn loud, I'm sure people heard me all the way back in the gym.

Even as my pussy grew impossibly tight, Mitch plowed away, pumping into me as hard as my body would allow. Soon he was grunting, too. His eyes slammed shut as he tossed his head back, practically howling as he poured his hot come inside me.

Panting and utterly spent, we sagged against one another, struggling to catch our breath. Once we both felt steady enough to walk, we straightened our clothes and sneaked back into the hall. Rather than return to the gym, we slipped out a side door and made a mad dash for Mitch's car. Spending the night at his place was far better than any class reunion could possibly have been.

—S.A., via email

🕯️ CAPTURE THE FLAG

My friend Johan's family is rich. They own a crazy amount of land in the middle of Oregon. A lot of it is hilly and covered in pine trees, which makes it a great place to ramble around.

Johan's parents go to Europe for a few weeks every summer, so they ask Johan to house-sit and invite whoever he wants

for an extended house party. We're all in our thirties, so we don't have crazy keggers, but we do have a lot of fun. There's drinking, of course, along with a lot of outdoor activities such as archery and hiking. But the best part of the trip is an epic game of Capture the Flag played over many acres of forest. We're all fit, outdoorsy types, so we run for miles over the course of an entire day, covering almost all the ground his parents own. I never sleep as deeply as I do on the nights after a game, when my body is completely wrung out. The only thing that would be better would be following the running and booze with sex.

Last summer, I joined the gang for a week. There were sixteen of us, which was the perfect amount for an epic game. Johan split us into teams, and I was disappointed when he put us on opposite sides. We've always been close friends with an undercurrent of flirtation, and I had been looking forward to spending more time with him. In the days leading up to the game, we'd been flashing a few hot glances at each other, and he'd sat next to me in the hot tub every night. Just having him that close made my nipples stiff—something I was

pretty sure he noticed.

But if we couldn't be teammates, being antagonists was at least interesting. I took note of which way he headed into the woods so I could also be on that area of the property.

I didn't encounter him in the first few hours we played. With so much territory to cover, most of that time was spent scoping out enemy positions and finding the actual flag. It was tied to a tree at the top of a hill, much like ours was on the opposite side of the property.

I'm small, stealthy, and quick, so I like playing offense. Men often discount me as a threat and focus on stopping the big, brawny guys, which means I'm often the one to get the enemy's flag.

Johan, though, knows my strategy. I was creeping through the woods a mere twenty feet away from the flag when I heard the snap of twigs to my right. He was there, way too close for comfort. I froze, but he spotted me immediately and started sprinting toward me.

If he caught me, I'd have to go to the enemy's jail until someone could break me out. I bolted back in the direction of the center line, hoping to get to safety before he caught me.



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The pursuit was exhilarating. I sprinted until my lungs felt like they would give out, leaping over downed logs and making tight turns to try to throw him off my trail. But he was getting closer with every second, his long legs eating up the distance between us.

At the thought of him catching me, something strange happened. I got wet. Totally, completely aroused. All I could think about was him catching me and tackling me to the ground, then fucking me in the dirt like an animal.

Of course, that wasn't going to happen. He'd tag me and take me back to jail, then go his merry way, but the fantasy was undeniably hot. I ran as fast as I could, wanting to make this capture as difficult for him as possible. His feet pounded just behind me—I wasn't going to make it.

His hand connected with my arm, and that was it. I tripped and fell forward, banging my knee on a root and abrading the skin off one palm. He fell with me, his hands coming down on either side of me, his stomach and chest pressing against my back. His body weight pressed me fully into the dirt, and I couldn't help but roll my hips at coming so close to my fantasy. My butt rubbed against his crotch, and I realized he was hard.

"I caught you," he whispered in my ear. "That means you're mine." He rocked forward, rubbing that erection against my ass.

This wasn't how Capture the Flag was played, but I didn't care. We moved together, our bodies sliding erotically against each other. My pussy quivered with the need to be touched.

His weight lifted a little, and then he slid a hand under me and popped my hips up just enough to start tugging at the waistband of my athletic pants. "Yes," I gasped. My palm stung, and I was face-down in dirt and pine needles, but I wanted him to fuck me right there.

He tugged the pants down enough to reveal my ass, and then his fingers



**"I WAS FACE-DOWN
IN DIRT AND PINE
NEEDLES, BUT I
WANTED HIM TO
FUCK ME
RIGHT THERE."**

slid beneath me again to rub my clit. My hips twitched, sending me rocking back against his erection. He pressed it against me, forcing me against his hand. Those clever fingers worked me over, slipping past my clit to my wet slit. He thrust two fingers into me and grunted.

"You're so wet," he said.

"I've been wet since you started chasing me," I told him.

"You wanted me to hunt you down and fuck you?" When I nodded, he groaned. "I wanted it, too. I've been fantasizing about it all week."

Was that why he'd put us on opposite teams? The thought of him planning this

flooded my pussy with new moisture.

"Then do it," I said.

He smacked my ass, making me jump. "When I'm ready."

His fingers slid in and out of me with slick sounds. The only other sounds were the birds in the trees, the distant shouts of other players, and the rasping of our hectic breaths. I rocked against his hand, dragging my clit across the heel of his palm with every movement.

When my pussy quivered around his fingers and I was right on the brink of orgasm, he took those fingers away. I protested, ripping at the earth and leaves beneath my hands in frustration. Then he pulled me onto my hands and knees. A thrill went through me when I heard the sound of his zipper going down, followed by the crinkle of a condom wrapper.

He tugged my pants down to my knees but left them there so I couldn't open my legs all the way. Then I felt the hot, thick head of his cock against me.

"You want it like this?" he asked, and I appreciated him double-checking. Consent was always an ongoing conversation, but in this case, I was beyond ready to have his cock in me.

"Yes, fuck me," I said, rocking back so

the tip of his erection breached me.

He groaned and pushed forward, filling me in one long stroke. He was long and thick, and with my legs constrained by the pants, I was even more aware of his girth sliding into me. He gripped my hips and started pumping.

God, he was good. Slow and steady, but firm enough that I truly felt like I was being fucked. He'd chased me down and captured me, and my body was his prize. More wetness rushed out of me at the idea, easing his way. He gripped my hair at the roots and tugged my head back as he fucked. It was animalistic in its intensity, and I begged for more as he kept up that slow, punishing rhythm.

"You're mine," he said, spouting one of those lines I would have rolled my eyes at in any other contexts but that turned me on in this situation. "I decide what you get."

Apparently what I was getting was slow torture. He kept up the steady thrusts, tugging my hair just enough to sting. I needed harder and faster, but he wouldn't oblige. When I reached back to rub my clitoris, he allowed me for a few seconds before moving my hand away.

"You don't get to come fast," he said. "Not until I'm done with you."

I'd had no idea Johan was this commanding in the bedroom. Now that I knew, I was never going to be satisfied until he was doing this to me every day.

He pulled out, making me whimper, and then, to my shock, his mouth covered my wet pussy from behind. It couldn't have tasted that good after the condom, but he didn't seem to care. He licked from my clit to my ass, running his fingers over me with consummate skill. I moaned and pillowed my head in my arms, embracing the torturous pleasure.

My orgasm came upon me suddenly. One moment his tongue was dancing over my clit, and the next all the tension in my body ratcheted up to unbearable levels before exploding. I shook as pleasure rocketed through me, moaning

into the dirt.

He waited until I was done, then turned me over on my back. For the first time, I could fully see his face. His cheeks were flushed, and dirt stained the knees of his pants, which, like mine, had only been shoved to his knees. "You came without permission," he said.

I stretched, luxuriating in the feeling. "And I'd do it again."

"For that, you get fucked hard."

Finally. He yanked my pants, socks, and shoes off, leaving me bare from the waist down. Then he settled between my legs. As his cock pushed into my dripping vagina, he kissed me.

Our first kiss. How absurd was that? But it was absolutely perfect. I sucked his tongue and nipped at his lips as he thrustured inside me. My knees came up to open my cunt for him even more, and he responded by increasing the speed and force of his thrusts. Soon he was hammering into me, his hips rolling in a primal rhythm. Our skin smacked

together, and our breaths tangled. I was heading toward another orgasm, one that was going to burn my world down.

He stiffened and came, and once the shaking was done, he reached between us and rubbed my clit hard. It sent me over the edge, and I had to clap a hand over my mouth to muffle the scream as I orgasmed. I twitched and shuddered, hardly able to breathe past the pleasure.

We stared at each other in the aftermath. "Are you going to take me to jail now?" I asked, giggling with post-orgasm bliss.

He grinned at me. "I think I'm going to let you go. And then hunt you down again and again...."

-C.C., Greensboro, NC

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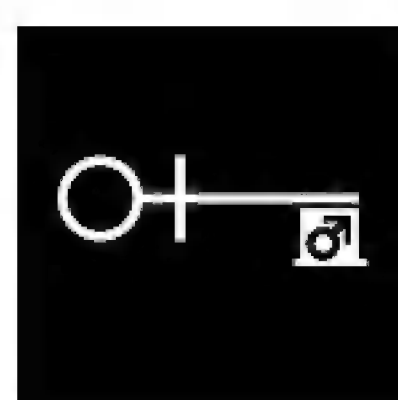
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▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

❶ BABE IN THE CITY

I was a sophomore in college, and it was my first time going to New York City—but in more ways than one, it was not at all the first time I'd planned for. I thought I would be enjoying a long romantic weekend with my boyfriend. I go to school upstate, and they give us a mini-break in mid-February. It would have been perfect timing for Valentine's Day, but go figure: I got dumped; or technically, I dumped him after discovering he was hooking up with someone else.

Even though I felt like locking myself in my room and crying all weekend, I had already paid for my bus ticket and found a great luxury hotel deal, so with my friends' encouragement, I opted to go solo. I had no idea what was in store for me as I wheeled my suitcase into the opulent lobby. A tall blonde girl who couldn't have been much older than me was behind the reservation counter. "May I help you?" She asked in an accent that

I recognized from my Russian history seminar.

She had these unusual dark grey eyes, and pale blonde, almost platinum hair that fell in perfectly straight sheets all around her oval face. A stylish black sheath dress hugged her sylph-like frame. She looked like she belonged in a fashion magazine.

I tried not to stare too obviously. "Uh, yes. I'm here to check in."

Her smile was instantly warming. "Welcome! Do you have a reservation number?"

I nodded and handed over my printout from the booking site.

"Give me just one moment." I felt my neck and head tingle at the sound of her voice. She was so soothing and at once mesmerizing to watch as her well-manicured hands *tap, tap, tapped* on the touch screen.

"Ah, I found you." She smiled again. "I see this reservation is for two?"

I flushed red. "Oh, dear. I'm sorry—I tried to change it."

She shook her head. "It's no worry," she said, parsing her English grammar. She lowered her voice to almost a whisper. "So it's just you this weekend?" Her eyes seemed to penetrate into my being as she added, "The guy—he is... not coming?"

I felt more tingles and nodded. "Nope." And I must've looked a little sad, because she reached out and touched my hand.

"It's no worry," she repeated again. "Now let's make sure you have good time!" An elfish grin appeared on her face. "I will make some changes." *Tap, tap, tap.* I could have watched and listened to her all day.

"Oh, you don't have to go to any trouble," I began.

But the Russian pixie was having none of that: "I'm going to hook up you—hook you up. It's no worry!" she giggled. "We have a spa package, and it would be end up being less than what you paid for a room with a jerk who's not here."

I couldn't believe my luck. "Really?"

She nodded and tapped the screen again before programming my room key. "Here you go," she said.

"Wow!" A suite upgrade and spa pass.

She giggled. "Now, I am Mila," she gestured to her brass name badge. "If you need anything," she touched my hand again, "you just call the desk."

"I tell you what," Mila continued. "I get off at eight. If you meet me in the hotel bar, then you won't be by yourself, and I show will you some cool places, yes?" She wrote her cell number on the back of a business card and handed it to me.

My sweet, naïve self didn't register the fact that she was hitting on me, but I was so grateful for a friendly face that I readily agreed.

Mila was true to her word about showing me cool places. From the hotel, we embarked on a short walk to this Russian piano bar that felt like it belonged in a movie. A huge white grand piano stood in front of the seating





area, which had soft, low lights. We settled into a booth, side by side and had delicious small plates...and lots of vodka. As we imbibed, I learned she was from Moscow but was attending school in the city. And her hotel job was part of a hospitality internship, but go figure: She wanted to model, too.

"It would be a waste if you didn't model," I smiled and finished the last of my vodka, grimacing just a little at the burn. "I mean, you have a great body—and you're tall, so anything looks good on you."

"Thank you," Mila giggled. "But you know something?"

"What?"

She leaned in and whispered in my ear: "I don't think you know how sexy you are." And as she said this, her hand came to rest on my thigh.

Suddenly I felt pure electricity zinging from my tingly head directly to my clit. I'd kissed girls for fun on a dare at a couple of frat parties, but this was the first time I'd ever felt like I wanted to have sex with another woman. The look on my face must've said it all, because the next thing I remember, Mila took my hand and led me out of the bar.

In no time we were standing in the hall outside my room. The second I unlocked the door, Mila pulled me into a passionate kiss. My knees turned to jelly, and I could

feel the juices pooling in my panties.

Mila slipped off her fur coat and helped me unzip my parka. We took our time kissing and peeling away all of our winter layers.

As I stood before her in my pink bra and panties, Mila led me over to the bed.

"I've never done..." I began.

"It's no worry," Mila kissed me again and climbed on top. She slipped off her bra and tossed it on the floor. I felt an immediate rush as I took in the sight of her breasts. Per her figure, she had naturally smaller boobs but great puffy nipples that I later discovered were sensitive.

I reached up to feel her breasts, and Mila leaned over, kissing me again as she wrapped her arms around me and

unhooked my bra.

"Mmm...beautiful," Mila smiled and cupped my breasts. Then she kissed her way down my neck and engulfed my left nipple with her mouth, licking and sucking.

After she teased my breasts, Mila kissed her way down my navel and then paused when she came to my visibly wet mound. She inhaled sharply as if savoring the scent of my arousal and then tormented me more by kissing and licking both of my inner thighs as she stroked my panty-covered pussy.

I moaned a little and squirmed, desperate for her to take off my panties.

Mila looked up and made eye contact again. "I want to taste you. Do you want that?"

"Oh please, yes."

Still teasing me with my damp panties, she moved aside the crotch to peek at my glistening wet lips, which she separated and spread with her fingers. "Mmm, so sticky wet."

I felt her tongue on my clit next, sliding up and down the hood and then all around the sensitive pearl. I had never been so turned-on before, even when my ex and other guys had gone down on me. Mila knew what she was doing.

She trapped my clit between her fingers and darted her tongue swiftly

**"MILA LOOKED UP
AND MADE EYE
CONTACT AGAIN.
"I WANT TO TASTE
YOU. DO YOU
WANT THAT?"**

LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL



back and forth.

"Oh, God!" I squirmed more and closed my eyes.

That's when I felt Mila removing my panties and spreading my legs wide. I opened my eyes and saw her dive into my pussy. Her tongue was almost snake-like in the way it probed and penetrated every nook and cranny of my pussy—and it was unrelenting.

My breath caught in my throat as she teased the entrance of my pussy and stroked my clit with her fingers. Then I felt her fingers going inside of me—first one, two, then three—I was stuffed full but so soaking-wet that I couldn't get enough.

I bucked my hips widely into her fingers while Mila licked my clit. "Oh God, don't stop!" I cried out. In no time, Mila had me coming, but it would be just one of many times that night. As I lay there reeling from the orgasm, she pulled her fingers out of me and had me taste my own juices.

Then we kissed again. I was determined to try her out, too, so I started to work my way down her body as she had done to me, but Mila stopped me: "Here, let's try this."

"SHE TRAPPED MY CLIT BETWEEN HER FINGERS AND DARTED HER TONGUE SWIFTLY BACK AND FORTH."

She had me get on top of her, so we were 69ing, which meant that my ass and pussy were wide open to her probing tongue.

As I darted my tongue between her smooth shaved pussy lips, I felt her fingers exploring me again. I tried to focus on getting into a rhythm of stroking and sucking her clit with my tongue, but Mila's expert techniques made that almost impossible.

Her tongue was back to dancing on my clit again, and the sensation made me cry out, but Mila's pussy muffled

my cries. Then I felt her tongue move from my clit all the way down around my asshole. I'd never felt anything back there before, so the new sensation made me pause completely.

And then I felt her fingers sliding inside of me again, but with the anal nerves stimulated, it was a whole other level of arousal. It wasn't long before I came again.

Once I recovered from orgasm number two, Mila agreed to let me make her come. I made her sit on my face and immediately got to work. Once she came, my face was soaked in her juices—a proud moment for me, a total novice pussy-eater.

She stayed the night in my room and returned the next night, too. Sadly, I had to return to school, but as my Russian pixie would say, "it's no worry."

When I start my internship in the city this summer, Mila's going to be my roommate.

—K.P., via email

🕯 SURPRISE GUESTS

When my roommate said she would be out for the night, I decided I would stay in. I cozied up on the couch

with a glass of wine and my favorite vibrator while I scrolled through the TV schedule's adult section. After settling on a movie about a girls' trip involving group sex that was already in progress, I clicked on the vibrator and slipped it between my legs.

I stared absently at the screen, allowing my mind to take the images before me and wander off into my own little fantasy land. Three women laid beneath a cabana by a pool. They were all sipping on drinks when one particularly busty member of the group sucked an ice cube into her mouth and then deposited it between her

friend's breasts.

Soon every woman was playing with the ice. I watched longingly as the big-breasted woman who started it all untied the strings of her friend's bikini bottom to reveal her pink, freshly shaven pussy.

Placing an ice cube between her lips, the big-breasted woman pressed it to the other girl's clit. Water dripped over her chin and the other woman's sex, soaking them both. Though the cube quickly shrunk in size, she didn't give up. She circled that cube over the bud until there was nothing left but a trail of liquid.

Meanwhile, I could feel a bit of wetness coating the space between my thighs. Giving the vibrator a quick twist, I allowed it to slip within my slit. My folds closed around the shaft, welcoming its gentle buzz.

I rolled the vibrator over myself. Up and down. Up and down.

I closed my eyes, allowing my mind to fill in the gaps of what I missed while not watching the screen. Now it was me lying there under the cabana with two beautiful women tending to my every need.

Seconds from orgasming, I heard the click of a key in our front door. The door swung open so quickly, I had no time at all to react. Instead, I sat there shocked, stark naked with a vibrator between my legs while my roommate and her date watched me from the hallway.

Before I could open my mouth to speak, Tanya broke the silence. "If I knew you were having this much fun without me, I'd never have left."

She walked to the couch and sank down next to me, then motioned her friend to join. "Lexi, this is Ashley," she said. "Ashley and I were going to head to my room, but if you don't mind the company I think it would be more fun for all of us if we stayed out here with you."

"I would love that," Ashley murmured as she sat down beside me.

Struggling to untie my tongue, I nodded.

"It looks like Ashley and I have some catching up to do," Tanya said as she popped open the buttons on her blouse.

"Lexi, doll, why don't you help Ashley with her zipper?"

I turned to my left to see that Ashley was lifting her hair off her back, revealing a thin silver zipper that ran from the center of her shoulder blades all the way to her ass. Using my hand that wasn't holding the vibrator between my legs, I reached out and pulled at the tab, watching intently as the zipper slowly opened to reveal the smooth plane of Ashley's creamy white back.

When the zipper's tab tapped at the bottom of its track, Ashley slipped the dress straps from her arms and shimmied the silky material the rest of the way off her body, leaving nothing but a tiny satin thong covering her mound.

While I was busy watching Ashley, Tanya had taken off her clothes as well. At least, that was what I guessed when I felt Tanya come up behind me and press her bare breasts to my back. Her hands landed on my shoulders, then she smoothed them down my arms, leaving a trail of goose bumps in her wake. When Tanya reached my wrists, she skimmed on over to my abdomen, where she

fanned her fingers over my belly before continuing her journey further south.

Ashley watched the path that Tanya's hands plotted over my body. Looking over my shoulder to meet Tanya's gaze, she asked, "Do you want to use your fingers, or should I use my tongue?"

Much to my disappointment, Tanya's hands paused. She rested her chin on my shoulder as she looked at Ashley, thinking over her answer before finally responding, "Who says we have to choose?"

And with that, Tanya's hands continued on their journey. Her fingertips played along the edge of my slit, stroking at the sensitive skin to coax me open.

As Tanya's fingers spread my folds apart, Ashley ducked down in front of me. Her tongue's bubblegum-pink tip peeked out from between her lips as she leaned forward to take a taste of my skin.

The initial shock of feeling the cool wetness of Ashley's mouth on my body made me jump. I fell back a bit, bumping hard against Tanya so that her breasts bounced against my back. Trying to hold me steady, Tanya wrapped an arm around my waist while Ashley continued



LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

to work her tongue between my folds.

As if that wasn't enough to drive me wild, Tanya started to move the fingers she was using to hold my slit open. They wriggled against me, tapping out a maddening rhythm that excited all the nerves Ashley wasn't able to reach with her tongue.

Already feeling the telltale tightening of my muscles coiling beneath my belly, I tilted my head back on a sigh and gave myself over to their control.

Tanya welcomed my weight when I sagged against her. Her arms tightened around me, locking me in so that I couldn't fall—even as my leg muscles turned to jelly.

With melting muscles came the feeling of wet heat pooling between my thighs. Ashley was licking the arousal right from my core, uttering little murmurs of appreciation as she lapped up my juices like a cat would a bowl of cream. She mixed up her rhythm, alternating between long, languid strokes and quick little taps of her tongue, sending my body into a frenzy.

The orgasm that eluded me earlier came roaring back with a vengeance, making my vision blur. I shook with all the unspent energy of my release and when I couldn't withstand the force of pleasure any longer, I came on a scream. My back arched, making my ass bounce hard against Tanya's front. Still, she held me steady, relieving me of the pressure of standing upright so that I could truly give myself over to the orgasm that threatened to tear me apart.

When the last of the tremors left my body, Ashley and Tanya helped me to lay back on the couch.

"My turn," Tanya murmured as she crawled between my legs.

As she lowered her head to my pussy, Tanya's long, thick locks brushed against my thighs. She settled on her elbows, looking up at me from under lowered lashes as she whispered, "I've always wondered what you taste like."

Tanya pulled my pussy lips apart with her fingers and dragged her tongue from top to bottom. "Sweet and tart. Just the way I like my pussy." She trailed her

fingers over my clit, collecting some of my natural nectar. "Do you like the way you taste, Lexi?"

Having sucked my fingers clean after many a masturbation session, I nodded enthusiastically. I thought that Tanya would put her fingers in my mouth, daring me to prove my sentiments, but instead, Ashley leaned over and drew Tanya's digits between her lips.

While Ashley was busy licking Tanya's fingers clean like a popsicle, her own pussy hovered over my face. Taking matters into my own hands, I grabbed Ashley's thighs and settled them on either side of my head, then I pulled her down on top of me until her pussy brushed against my lips.

Ashley's delighted gasp egged me on. I slipped my tongue between her slit, wiggling it around until her folds opened up to me and settled over my mouth.

Now that I was safely ensconced within Ashley's pussy I was free to explore. I plunged my tongue into her hot little core, enjoying how her juices coated the inside of my mouth.

With Ashley otherwise occupied, Tanya returned her focus to my pussy. She licked up one pussy lip, then down the other, drawing large circles. Every time she neared the top of my mound, she skirted closer to my clit, teasing at the bud without actually touching it.

When Tanya finally pressed the flat of her tongue to my clit, I moaned against Ashley's pussy, using the sounds of my pleasure to enhance hers.

Ashley rolled her hips, grinding her pussy against my mouth, so I sucked her clit between my lips as tenderly as I could. That really got her screaming.

More than ready to feel Ashley's hot come dripping over my face, I slipped my hand between her thighs and slid two fingers into her pussy. I pumped my fingers into her while I massaged her clit with my tongue.

When I felt a groan of my own coming, I made sure to keep my mouth





closed tightly, allowing the sound to reverberate in my mouth and transfer a subtle vibration right to Ashley's clit.

Ashley exploded over me with a scream. Sweet, hot come sprayed me, dribbling down my chin and cheeks. I opened my mouth wide, collecting all the sweet nectar I could.

I felt my own walls clamp down. My legs shook from the force, struggling to absorb the sensations radiating from my core. Then Tanya pinched my clit between her thumb and her forefinger and I absolutely came undone.

Groaning, I tried to stretch my limbs to alleviate the tightness that plagued my whole body. Instead, my body shook with my orgasm's intense energy. My back arched so high I lifted my ass right off the couch.

When I finally fell back to earth, Ashley and Tanya were both cuddled up on the couch. "Move this party to my room," Tanya asked.

Ashley helped me up and we followed Tanya to the bedroom, where we would spend the rest of the night very much awake.

—Lexi. A., Madison, WI

🍦 SWEET CREAM

When the girl I'd been hooking up with invited me after hours to the ice cream parlor she owned, I had no idea what I was getting myself into. By the time I arrived,

"SHE FANNED HER FINGERS OVER MY BELLY BEFORE CONTINUING HER JOURNEY FURTHER SOUTH."

the lights were dimmed and the chairs were lifted up onto the tables.

"Back here," I heard Jessica call from the stock room.

I walked back to find Jessica straightening the shelves. A tub of vanilla ice cream still sat out on the counter. When I moved to put the container away, Jessica turned to me, revealing that her apron was the only thing she wore.

"I'm not done with that yet," she said. "I thought I'd make you a little dessert."

Jessica gripped the hem of my dress and tugged it over my head, leaving me in nothing but my black lace bra and panties. She snaked her arm around my back and with a quick twist of her wrist she released the clasp on my bra and tossed that to the floor as well.

She looked at my breasts and licked her lips. "Just like two scoops of vanilla ice cream with a cherry on top—my *favorite*."

Jessica scooped her hands beneath my ass and helped me onto the counter.

"Lean back," she whispered as she grabbed a can of whipped cream.

Once my body was reclined, Jessica began to spray swirls of whipped cream over my chest and tummy. The fluffy cream cooled my heated skin. Jessica was squirting the stuff on faster than she could lick it off, and the cream was already starting to melt, sending long, white rivulets of liquid down to my hips.

"I'm going to need you to lie all the way down for what I want to do next," Jessica said as she eased my body back. She arranged my body on the cold stainless workstation, then she rolled my panties down my legs and tossed them onto the floor.

Now that I was completely naked, Jessica climbed onto the counter with me. She crawled between my legs, hovering over me as she trailed her tongue over my abdomen to collect all the sweet cream that melted there. Her tongue dipped into my belly button. She swirled it around, tickling me as she lapped up the cream that had settled inside.

Once my belly was clean, Jessica started moving upward. Her tongue trailed along the underside of my breast, stimulating the sensitive skin before journeying even higher. When she reached my nipples, Jessica spritzed on even more cream from the can. My breasts actually resembled ice-cream sundaes now, and I couldn't wait for Jessica to eat her fill.

I didn't have to wait long. As soon as Jessica put the can back on the counter she went to town on me. The flat of her tongue circled my breasts, scooping up all of the fluffy white cream.

Gradually, Jessica worked her way to the center, saving my cherries for last. By the time she got to my nipples, they were already hot and engorged, peeking out from the mound of whipped cream.

Groaning, I rocked my hips against Jessica. I was desperate to feel a bit of friction between my legs.

LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL



Rather than move down my body, Jessica crawled up and gave me a kiss. Her tongue dipped inside my mouth and tangled with my own.

I wound my fingers through Jessica's hair and pulled our bodies closer together. My pussy rubbed against her thigh, spreading my juices all over her skin.

Needing to catch my breath, I broke away from Jessica, only to have her tug my lower lip between her teeth to pull us back together.

Jessica threw her full weight on top of me, pressing our breasts together as she pushed me down onto the cold metal countertop. The last of the whipped cream squished between us, causing our bodies to slip and slide against one another.

Though I couldn't move my hips, my hands were free to roam. I skimmed my palms over Jessica's back, mapping her from her shoulder blades to her ass. Then I cradled her soft cheeks and gave them a squeeze.

I smiled when Jessica moaned against my mouth. Her fingers curled into my shoulders, pressing me down onto the counter.

"I WOUND MY FINGERS THROUGH JESSICA'S HAIR AND PULLED OUR BODIES CLOSER TOGETHER."

Then Jessica pulled away. She kneeled between my parted legs. Hovering over me, she brushed her lips against mine and whispered, "I'm still a little hungry."

She grabbed the container of vanilla ice cream that sat near our feet and dipped her fingers inside, scooping up a nice big serving for herself. A mischievous smile lifted Jessica's lips as she slowly tipped her hand, allowing the melted ice cream to fall over my sex.

The frozen dessert began to melt as soon as it hit my heated skin.

Shocked by the sudden chill traveling

through me, I gasped. Streams of cold white cream ran over my clit, making me jolt.

Jessica didn't seem to notice. She leaned back to admire her handiwork and licked her lips, clearly delighted by the meal she'd made. "My very own ice-cream taco," she said with a smile. "You're just missing one thing."

She leaned back and pulled a bottle of chocolate sauce off the shelf on the wall. "Can't have ice cream without the chocolate sauce."

Jessica tipped the bottle over, squeezing squiggles and swirls of chocolate over my sex. It mixed with the already melting ice cream, dripping over my hips and down into my slit.

"Much better," she murmured appreciatively.

Jessica crawled down lower, looking up at me from heavy lids as she made her way down to my hips. First she turned her attention to the ice cream and chocolate dripping down my legs. She trailed her tongue over the juncture of my thighs, licking up all the sweetness that collected there.

After cleaning one leg, Jessica turned her attention to the other. Her tongue danced dangerously close to my folds, which were completely covered in a thick layer of chocolate-laced cream.

Restless, I shifted beneath Jessica, hoping to redirect her attention to my sugar-coated sex. Instead, she moved up to my pelvis and licked a wide arc from hip to hip. Her tongue swooped and swerved over my skin, gathering up all the sweet, sticky cream as she went.

Feeling Jessica's mouth move over my skin put my whole body on high alert. By the time Jessica made her way to my slit, the liquid between my legs consisted of more than ice cream and chocolate. Liquid arousal spilled from my core, mixing with the cream to create a new, unique flavor.

"You taste better with the ice cream than the chocolate sauce does," Jessica



murmured against my sex. Her breath fanned over my wet skin, sending a shiver up my spine.

Finally, Jessica sealed her lips over my clit. She circled the bud with her tongue, warming me up as she sucked off my chocolate shell.

Even when the last of the sweetness was gone, Jessica continued. Using the tip of her tongue, she tapped at my clit, working me over until my toes curled and my fingers flexed.

When she released my clit from her mouth, I cried out in protest.

"Let me just check to make sure I've eaten up all the cream," Jessica said.

She dragged her tongue between my folds. Skimming the rim of my hole with the tip of her tongue, she eased me open, then dove right in. Her tongue seemed to swell inside me. She wiggled it around, stroking my walls. Striving to plunge even deeper, Jessica spread my slit with her fingers and sucked me into her mouth.

She lifted her head. A teasing smile played at her lips as she said, "No more ice cream. Now I can do this."

Jessica lifted four fingers to her lips and drew them inside her mouth. She swirled her tongue around, making her

cheeks go hollow, then she released them with a pop.

Satisfied with her natural lubricant, Jessica slipped her fingers between my folds and pressed against my hole. She eased all four fingers inside me, stretching me wide.

Slowly my muscles relaxed, allowing Jessica to sink even deeper. She curved her fingers upwards, rubbing little circles on my wall as she pistoned into me.

Instinct took over. I planted my feet on the counter and lifted my hips off the table, ready to meet Jessica thrust-for-thrust. But before I could rock my hips, Jessica dropped her head back between my legs. She took my clit in her mouth as she pushed my hips back onto the countertop, making it clear that she was the one who would set the pace that night.

I gladly accepted my defeat, content to lie back and let Jessica finish her dessert. Damn, that girl could eat. She lapped at my clit like it was the best thing she'd ever tasted, sending my nerves into a frenzy.

Knowing exactly what I needed to push me over the edge, she cupped her hand inside me so that her fingertips rubbed at the front of my channel while

her knuckles massaged the back.

That's when I saw stars. Waves of pleasure rolled through my pussy and echoed in my ass. My walls clamped down hard on Jessica's fingers, trapping her inside me until my muscles stopped spasming.

Somehow, Jessica managed to keep on moving. She drove her fingers into me with such a force that my hips bucked against her mouth, and still, she kept on licking, not stopping until molten-hot come squirted from my core and covered her hand.

After I caught my breath, Jessica wiped a towel soaked with warm water over my chest, erasing the stickiness left behind. One soft peck of her lips led to two, then three, and before I knew it Jessica was lapping at my slit again, kicking off another round of hot, sticky sex.

—T.G., via email

There's nothing like the chemistry between two wanting women. Tell us all about your lesbian experiences. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



ROYAL JELLY

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KIND OF LIKE CHER, BUT BETTER.





“I’VE ALWAYS BEEN A FREE SPIRITED
WOMAN. YOU CAN’T TIE ME DOWN.”

—BLAKE









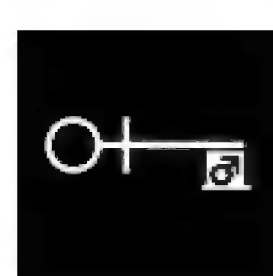












TOP 10

ANGELA & JELENA



TOP TEN WIFE SWAPPING TIPS

10. Don't forget your health. There are realities to remember!
9. Keep an open mind.
8. Make your mission her pleasure!
7. Ask your wife what *she* wants - and really listen!
6. Discuss the rules before jumping into anything.
5. Up the eroticism and sensuality with a little light reading.
4. Swing with seasoned couples who know the ropes.
3. Dating apps are your best friend.
2. Do not swing with friends. Get outside your social circle.
1. The name of the game is trust!

Our readers' exotic sexcapades brought to life...



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VARIATIONS

APRIL / MAY 2019



TWO FOR ONE
YOUNG SLAVES
LEARN THE ROPES

**LADY OF
THE NIGHT**
THE ART OF
BEING WATCHED

AVA DALUSH

PURE, PRIMED AND READY

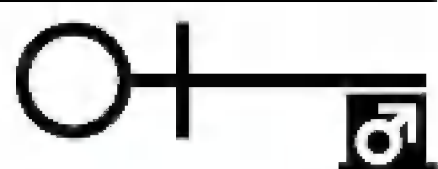
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Lady of the Night
A struggling freelance writer gets an
offer to supplement her income that
she just can't refuse.
By Rachel Dove

138 || WIDE WORLD OF
VARIATIONS



VARIATIONS

EDITOR'S NOTE

WELCOME to another issue of Penthouse Variations. We hope this sizzling selection will snap you into a sexy mood. Flip to page 116 to find a slew of sexy school girl fantasies, passionate fucking in the office, and one really wild submissive. Things heat up in "Lady of the Night" where a struggling freelance writer is invited to supplement her income by participating in an unlikely weekend sex session. In "Two for One" a kinky queen trains her two slaves to behave. It's nothing but dirty fun and crazy kinks this issue.

What's your kink? Send your wildest sex stories to: letters@penthouse.com.



A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is posing in a black leather outfit, including a corset and thigh-high boots. She is looking over her shoulder at the camera. The background is a dark, textured wall.

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❶ PROPER PUNISHMENT

Is there anything hotter than a schoolgirl fantasy? It had been a desire of mine since I had been in school, but I had found myself in my mid-thirties without ever having tried it out with a partner. For my thirty-fifth birthday, I decided that was finally going to change.

When my girlfriend inevitably inquired, "Anything special you want for your birthday, babe?" I had my answer ready.

"Well, funny you should mention it," I began playfully, watching her reaction closely. It wasn't like I was asking for anything that taboo, but if she wasn't into it, then I didn't want to do it.

I continued, "I've always had this wild fantasy, you know...in the bedroom, and I thought maybe we could try it out."

"Okay," she laughed, "what do I have to do?"

"You have to dress up like a naughty schoolgirl and come to my office to be disciplined."

"Do I get to be spanked?" she asked, looking up at me and biting her lip.

We had never tried anything like spanking, but the idea was really hot. It seemed like she was open to it, so I said, "You'll most definitely need a spanking."

"Okay," she said, "I'm in!"

We spent the rest of the evening finding her the perfect costume and talking about what we could do as part

**"I LIFTED ONE
HAND AND SLAPPED
IT DOWN ON HER ASS
CHEEK, MAKING HER
SQUEAK WITH
SURPRISE."**

of the fantasy. By the time we went to bed, I was excited but regretted bringing it up a full week before my birthday. It was going to be a long wait.

When the evening of my birthday finally arrived, I got home and found my naughty schoolgirl waiting for me in the living room. I didn't bother changing out of my suit since it fit with the headmaster fantasy.

"Hello, Sir," she greeted me, handing me a glass of Scotch.

"Stacy. I can't say I'm surprised to see you back in my office. What have you done this time?" I asked sternly. We had talked through a number of possible scenarios but didn't have a concrete script or a plan, so I was excited to see where she would take it.

"I was caught touching myself in class, so they sent me to you for punishment," she said, not sounding at all contrite.

I almost choked on my Scotch. I had never heard my girlfriend so much as allude to masturbation before. This seemed to be really pulling out her naughty side.

"You're a filthy girl, aren't you? Just last week you were in here because I could see your nipples with no bra on, but I see that we're going to have to give you a proper punishment this time because you clearly didn't learn your lesson from my lecture last time. Bend over my desk."

She made a show of protesting but sauntered over to the kitchen table, pretending it was my desk, and bent all the way over.

"Spread your legs," I instructed her.

She moved her feet wider apart, but then I stopped to admire her outfit before doing anything else. She was my fantasy brought to life, and it was better than I had ever imagined it would be!

She was wearing a white dress shirt tied up at the waist to reveal her lusciously curved stomach and hips. We might be playing at schoolgirl, but she was no waifish, thin girl. This was a woman with the curves to show for it. Her



tiny plaid skirt barely covered her plump ass, and because she was bent over, I could see the white cotton panties she was wearing under it. Her hair was in a ponytail, tied up with a pink scrunchie, and she was wearing black high heels with knee-high socks. She looked fucking perfect—and perfect to fuck.

I flipped her tiny skirt up, exposing her white cotton panties. I think that type of underwear is traditionally considered unattractive, but I felt my dick get harder just looking at it. The everyday innocence of white panties turns me on.

My sexy girlfriend was dressed up to match my fantasy, bent over my desk and ready to be spanked, when I suddenly realized I'd never been allowed to spank anyone before. For a brief instant I panicked, worried I would do it wrong or something...but then she wiggled her ass impatiently, practically begging me to get on with it, and just like that I didn't even care if I did it wrong.

Grabbing her waist, I squeezed her sexy rolls as I slid my hands down to her hips and across her ass. I lifted one hand and slapped it down on her ass cheek, making her squeak with surprise. She moaned and pressed her chest down lower to the table, lifting her ass up for more.

Again and again I spanked her, alternating cheeks and experimenting with how she reacted to different intensities. She seemed to like it a little harder than I would have guessed. Had my girlfriend been a pain slut this whole time and I didn't know it? I wasn't ready to take her white panties off yet, but I ran my hand across the crotch and down to where they covered her pussy, finding the damp spot for which I had been hoping. The idea that she was as turned-on by this as I was blew my mind.

I pulled at her panties, making them tight, knowing that would put pressure on her needy little clit. She pushed against the pressure, pulling them

tighter, clearly enjoying the stimulation.

"I punish you for touching yourself, and what do you do? Grind yourself against my desk like a fucking cat in heat. You really are a slut," I told her, running my fingers along the damp spot to emphasize my point. She didn't bother to argue.

"These panties are soaking-wet, you little whore. We're going to have to take them off and try your punishment again."

I tugged them down, but only as far as her knees, leaving them dangling around her legs. That visual had always turned me on.

I could tell she wanted me to touch her pussy, but I wanted to tease her and draw this out for both of us, so I played with her ass instead. I slapped it a few more times, loving how pink her cheeks had turned and how they bounced and jiggled when I struck each cheek. Her ass was made to be spanked.

I tried a few really hard blows, each landing with a thud that stung my hand but had to sting her ass more. She flinched and squirmed delightfully but was still moaning and trying to grind on the table.

I pulled her cheeks apart, exposing her tiny asshole. It suddenly seemed like I could ask for anything and she would be game. I wasn't waiting until my next birthday to claim that asshole, but I wasn't going to attempt it there and then, so I brushed my fingertips along it, pressing just enough for her to feel the slightest penetration, but not enough for her to feel like she needed to protest.

I moved down to her pussy, pressing my thumbs to spread her open, making her lips part to reveal the moist pink flesh that was waiting to be fucked. I

knew I was supposed to be punishing her, but it was my fantasy, and now I wanted to taste her slick folds. I pressed my face into her cunt, sliding my tongue across her wet hole and up to her clit. She bucked in surprise but opened her legs wider, straining against the panties that were still around her knees. I ground my tongue against her clit the way I knew she liked it but realized I could punish and pleasure at the same time, so I spanked her some more, striking her juicy upper thighs and ass.

She was so into it, it felt like she was going to come, but I wanted to be inside her when she did. I stood up and went to pull my rock-hard dick out, amused to realize I was still fully clothed.

She reached down and made her panties drop when I slapped my cock against her ass. It was glowing so warm from the spanking that I could even feel the heat against my dick. Now that the panties were gone, she could spread her legs wide open, ready for me to fuck her. She whimpered when I teased my cockhead against her asshole, and the way she moaned told me I wasn't the only one who was curious about anal.

I nudged down to her cunt instead, plunging straight into the tight, slick heat I'd been dreaming about all day.

I couldn't resist pressing my thumb against her asshole as I thrust all the way into her pussy, just a little pressure to see how she would react. Instead of stopping me, she slid one of her hands down and started rubbing her clit, groaning, "Oh, Sir...use me like your little slut. Make me your whore."

I pounded into her cunt, making her ass quiver as my hips collided with her generous curves. I wrapped her ponytail



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around my hand, pulling her hair back and thrusting into her over and over again. She gasped, but said, “Fuck yeah, pull my hair! Punish me, Sir!”

I couldn’t stand it anymore, she cried out and her pussy clenched around me, drawing out my own climax. I came harder than I’d ever come before, feeling primal and free as I slapped her ass one final time.

Why the fuck had I waited this long to live out my fantasy?

She echoed my thoughts when she panted, “Why the hell haven’t we done that before!? We’re going to do it again, right? Because I have ideas!”

She squealed in delight as I picked her up and carried her over to the couch. We were definitely going to make a mess of my suit, but I didn’t care.

“Next time, we try punishing you over my knee,” I told her, pulling her across my lap in the classic punishment pose.

“Yes, Sir,” she answered, leaning down to pull my cock into her mouth, licking our combined juices off.

Now that I had her there, I didn’t see why “next time” had to wait.

—Patrick T., via email

📍 TOTAL TEASE

My boss’s daughter, Tricia, is the biggest cock tease I’ve ever met. She’s in her junior year of college, with a curvy body and a tendency to wear snug skirts and low-necked blouses. Since my boss’s office is across from my desk, I’m treated to the sight of her round ass and magnificent breasts multiple times a week when Tricia visits her mom for lunch.

“The outfit isn’t what makes her a cock tease—hell knows women can wear whatever they want and it doesn’t give me the right to judge them or be a creep. What makes her a cock tease is how she acts when she passes my desk.

Tricia likes to drop things. It seemed like an accident at first, but now I think it’s a plot. When she bends over to retrieve her pens, pencils, or paper, that skirt stretches tight across her ass. Before she stands up again, she looks over her shoulder and grins at me, acknowledging that I’m looking.

I try not to look; I really do. But ever since I realized she likes when I look, it’s hard to resist the temptation.

She also likes to plant her hands on my

desk and lean over just enough to give me a peek down her shirt. “How’re you doing, Josh?” she’ll ask in a breathy little voice, and every time my gaze flickers to her cleavage, she smiles like the cat who got the cream. Last week, she accompanied the question with a saucy wink and trailed her finger down my tie before heading into her mom’s office.

My boss thinks her daughter is a sweet little innocent whose only dream is to go to veterinary school. Tricia may have everyone else fooled, but I know what’s lurking under that pretty exterior.

I was working late one Tuesday night. My boss had just left when Tricia strolled out of the elevator. She sauntered up to my desk and propped her hip on it.

“Are you looking for your mom?” I asked, trying to ignore the way her black miniskirt rode up her thighs. “She just left.”

Tricia pouted. “Oh, did she? Well, that’s all right.” She studied my papers with interest. “What are you working on?”

I was proofing a presentation, but Tricia didn’t care about that. I leaned back in my chair. “Why do you keep bothering me, Tricia?”

She bit her lip and released it slowly. “Is it bothering you? I can stop.” She started to get up, but I grabbed her wrist, keeping her there. Her eyes widened and she squirmed a little on my desk as if the move had turned her on.

“If you want something,” I told her, “you can just ask for it.”

She was still feigning innocence. “Photocopies or something? Oh, that’s very sweet—”

I cut her off. “You know exactly what I mean. If you want my cock, you can have it, but you have to tell me.”

Fucking the boss’s daughter was a terrible idea, but I was tired of hiding erections under my desk every time Tricia walked by. I was tired of those sneaky little smiles and the way she flirted without ever making a move.

She ran a finger along the edge of her shirt, drawing my attention to the upper



curve of her breast. "But I'm shy," she pouted.

So that's how we were going to play it? I stood up and walked around the desk, enjoying the moment when her gaze shot to my erection and she licked her lips. She slid off the desk, then gasped when I spun her around and bent her over it. I gripped her hair in one hand and slid the other up the inside of her thigh. She wasn't wearing panties, and when my fingers brushed her wet pussy, she moaned.

"Bullshit," I said. "You just like playing the innocent little girl."

She shivered, and I knew I'd gotten it exactly right. Tricia got off on playing innocent while someone fucked her dirty. "Are you going to punish me?" she asked in that same breathy little-girl voice.

My dick got impossibly hard. "Does that turn you on?" I asked. "Being shown what a bad little girl you are?"

She nodded against the desk, her cheek rubbing against the papers.

Tricia didn't just like power play—she had a full-blown kink. I was more than willing to work with that. I jerked her upright by her hair to whisper in her ear. "You're going to go home and put on your naughtiest little schoolgirl outfit, and then you're going to come to my apartment so I can show you exactly how bad you've been." I let her go and gave her my address. "You have one hour."

Tricia showed up three minutes late—

"I GRIPPED HER HAIR IN ONE HAND AND SLID THE OTHER UP THE INSIDE OF HER THIGH."

deliberately, I was sure. When I opened my door, she was standing with her hip cocked, twirling a pigtail around her fingers. She wore a white button-up that gaped to show a scarlet bra, and her plaid skirt was tiny. Knee-high socks and black heels completed the look. She had fully committed to the role-playing.

I had found my best professorial outfit—khakis and an argyle sweater vest over a white shirt. "You're late," I said, looking at my watch.

"I'm sorry, sir." She pouted and tried to look contrite—not very convincingly.

"Lateness is unacceptable." I grabbed her arm and pulled her into my apartment, which was already decorated for the encounter. I'd dragged my desk into the living room and covered it with papers, and a collection of toys was lined up along one edge.

I shoved her into a chair across from the desk and stood in front of her. "You've been misbehaving a lot lately. Dressing inappropriately, saying suggestive things. You should be worried about your grades."

She stared at me with big eyes. "I'll do anything to keep my grades up," she whispered, then reached for my zipper and tugged it down. "Anything you want."

"Get on your knees," I commanded.

She knelt with her hands on her thighs in a posture that told me she was used to formal submission. This wouldn't be her intro into BDSM, which meant I didn't have to go easy on her. "Your safe word is 'PowerPoint,'" I told her. After she nodded in acknowledgement, I commanded her to undress me. She licked her lips and stared at my dick as if it was the only thing she wanted.

I didn't ask or hesitate. I grabbed the back of her head and pulled her forward, and her mouth opened hungrily over my cock. She moaned and took the entire thing, but she didn't move once my dick was pressing into her throat. She just looked up at me, waiting.

"Bad girls get their mouths fucked," I told her. I started thrusting—gently for a few strokes, then hard when I realized she could take it. She made little choking noises as I used her mouth, but her hand slid beneath her skirt.

I used her pigtails for leverage, gripping them at the bases as I thrust, and her

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groan vibrated through my erection.

I wasn't willing to come yet, though, so I pulled her off my dick. "That gives you a little extra credit," I told her, "but you're still a naughty little tease. I'm going to punish you for coming into my office in all those short skirts and making me think filthy things."

I bent her over the desk. She gripped the far edge, sending papers fluttering to the ground. When I flipped up her skirt, her bare pussy glistened with her wetness.

It was time for a little more pain. I slapped her ass, warming her up, and as my blows grew harder, she rocked up on her toes. Soon her ass was flame-red and she was whimpering with each hit.

"Have you been bad?" I demanded.

She nodded frantically against the desk. "I'm a very bad girl. Please punish me, sir."

I grabbed the crop from the edge of the desk and brought it down on one cheek with a sharp smack. She cried out and tucked her hips in briefly as if to hide from the blow. I massaged the cheek, and soon she was sticking her ass out again, writhing for more.

I smacked her again and again with the crop, leaving little red marks that

made me even harder. Soon she was groaning and swearing, crumpling papers in her hands. I switched to the paddle for a few more solid blows.

I reached between her legs and cupped her pussy. "This pussy is mine," I told her. I slid my finger back. "This ass is mine, too."

"Yes," she gasped. "Yes, sir. Punish me. I'm so bad."

I picked up a butt plug I'd purchased on my way home from the office. Once the tip was lubed, I started pressing gently against her anus. She whimpered but took it an inch at a time, and soon all that was visible of it was a glittering jewel between her cheeks.

"Bad girls get fucked," I told her. Again, she nodded, so I rolled a condom over myself. I reached under her pelvis to rub her clit as I slowly fed my cock into her. She went nuts for it, gasping and scrambling at the desk, working her hips to take more. With the plug in her, she would feel stretched and full. That extra sensitivity would make the pounding she was about to take even more intense.

My first thrust sent her clit rubbing over my palm. I repeated the motion, letting her get accustomed to my size.

"I GRABBED THE BACK OF HER HEAD AND PULLED HER FORWARD, AND HER MOUTH OPENED HUNGRILY OVER MY COCK."

Then I dragged one of her hands down so she was rubbing her clit instead and stood upright to start fucking. I gripped her hip hard with one hand and spanked her reddened ass with the other. The jiggle of her butt was mesmerizing, and I caught glimpses of that shining jewel on every thrust.

Once she was writhing and screaming, trying to twist away from the blows, I stopped spanking her and grabbed her by the throat, pulling her up from the desk. Then I pounded into her brutally, anchoring her with one hand on her throat and the other on her hip. She begged and wept, then came with a scream.

I couldn't hang on anymore. The dam burst, and as semen pumped out of me, my vision went hazy. I hadn't come this hard with anyone in recent memory.

I cleaned her up and cuddled her afterward, wiping a few tears from her cheeks. She looked dazed. "That was the best," she slurred.

I grinned, feeling like a god. "Are you going to be a good girl from now on?"

She shook her head. "Oh, definitely not. In fact, I'm probably going to be worse."

—Josh.G., via email

Does being bound set you free? Or do you like to be the one who holds the key to the cuffs? Share your fetish with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: Penthouse Variations, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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SNOW WHITE

AVA DALUSH IS AS SOFT AND LUSCIOUS AS
THE SATIN SHE'S WEARING.





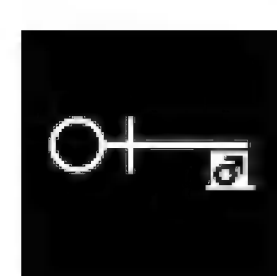




“I LOVE BEING NAKED ON CAMERA.
I FEEL SO POWERFUL!”

—AVA





TWO FOR ONE

Two sexy slaves learn that the queen of the dungeon doesn't leave her thrown.

By Julia Miles

A couple of years ago, I worked as a dominatrix for a few months between jobs to make ends meet. Most of my clients kind of blend together in my memory, but one of them became a friend, and eventually a play partner, and was responsible for my favorite session ever.

His name was Alex, and one of his fantasies was to bring one of his guy friends to a dungeon and do a session with him where they were pitted against each other and both forced to please the domme. I didn't usually have sex with my clients, but since he and I were already involved outside of work, I was willing to bend the rules and have a little more fun than usual.

I spent the whole week leading up to the session practically vibrating with anticipation. I'd never topped two guys at the same time before. The time finally came to walk out and meet them both, and as planned, Alex and I role-played that we had never met before.

They were both in their late twenties and were good-looking. Alex was a muscular Asian guy with shaggy hair, and Mike was a taller white guy whose light blond hair and blue eyes gave him an innocent boyish appeal. Alex and I had already talked through a plan for the scene, so we didn't have to waste time with an interview. I had two delicious young toys to play with. I was going to get to pop both of their kink cherries while fulfilling their long-held secret fantasies. What more could a girl ask for?

With clear limits in place, two hours to work with, and the session paid for, we walked behind the desk to select implements. I handed them each a beach bag to carry toys upstairs. I

selected a number of different lengths of rope, wrist and ankle cuffs for each of them, shoelaces, thin rope for CBT bondage, weights with matching parachutes to hold them, a crop, two blindfolds, three different paddles, candles for wax play, and a violet wand. I was planning to take full advantage of this rare treat.

When we got up to the room where we were doing our session, I had them

"I STARTED TO SPANK HIM IN RAPID SUCCESSION, KEEPING COUNT IN MY HEAD."

both strip naked while I spread all of the implements out on the table. I didn't know whether we would have time to try everything, but I wanted to have options depending on how things progressed. As they removed layer upon layer of clothes, I had to wonder how many times each of them had fantasized about this and how their friendship would be different going forward. I was excited to see what would spark when they were being "forced" to cross lines they'd never even approached before.

"Kneel," I commanded once they were both naked, not giving them any time to become awkward in each

other's presence.

I seated myself on the throne before them and took a sip of my water. There's something about sitting on a throne that automatically makes me feel powerful, and that feeling alone is enough to make me wet. I lifted my feet, spread my legs, and rubbed the toe of each shoe across their cheeks.

"Take my shoes off."

"Yes, Mistress," they said in unison.

I couldn't help smiling.

"Such good little slaves," I said aloud, when all I could really think was, *Fuck. Yes.*

They each removed a shoe and placed it on the ground.

"Worship me."

"Yes, Mistress."

They each lovingly grasped one of my stockinged feet with their hands and began to massage. I was hoping one of them would immediately press too hard so that I could reprimand him, but all I could do was groan and slide lower in my throne. They were *good*. Alex rubbed the arch of my foot deeply, sending tremors of delight rocking through my body. Mike, on the other hand, brought my foot up to his mouth and began wickedly stroking and sucking each toe with his tongue while staring up at me with such intense eye contact that I thought I was going to melt. The slippery warmth of his tongue along my sensitive toes was breathtakingly erotic. As I'm sure he intended, I was imagining what his tongue could do elsewhere in concert with Alex's very capable hands.

I let them both work their way up my ankles, calves, and thighs, parting my legs even more and sighing in contentment as I felt myself getting wetter and wetter. I had a plan for the session, but I was struggling to



remember what it was. I wanted to just sit there and let them get me off. Unfortunately, I had work to do.

They both made their way to my black panties at the same time, but just as they were about to make contact with the satin strip of fabric, I knocked their hands away.

"Stop," I commanded dismissively as I rose from the throne.

"Stay," I continued, scratching each of them lovingly on the head like puppies.

I picked up the two blindfolds from the table and deprived these men of sight. I grabbed Alex by his shaggy hair to get him to crawl forward, dragging him across the room on all fours to the St. Andrew's Cross in the corner.

"Get up."

"Yes, Mistress," he said as he scrambled to obey.

I put wrist and ankle cuffs on him and clipped each of them to the cross. He was now helpless and facing away from me, so I leaned the length of my body against his naked back, lightly pressing kisses along his neck. I loved the sight of the goose bumps I was causing to appear on his skin.

His whole body jolted with surprise when I reached down and grabbed his cock. I had planned to stroke it until it was hard but was delighted to discover that worshiping my feet had already taken care of that, and he was rock-solid. I teased him anyway, gripping his cock with my fist and sliding up and

down along his length. He groaned and started to pant, but I didn't let him get too carried away. I kept stroking but squeezed his balls with my other hand—not hard enough to really hurt, but hard enough to scare him. He was bound and couldn't stop me even if he wanted. I squeezed just long enough for that realization to sink in before stepping away. I wanted him to be thinking about the fact that I could hurt him just as easily as I could turn him on.

I repeated the action with Mike but clipped his wrists to the spreader bar hanging in the middle of the room and used rope to tie his feet apart. Now I was going to toy with them.

I stroked Mike's cock forcefully as I asked, "Alex, how many strokes of the paddle should Mike take? I want an answer that pleases me, so don't be a pussy or I'll take it out on your friend." I squeezed his balls to emphasize my threat, making him grunt.

"Twenty-five strokes, Mistress," Alex said quietly but firmly.

I threw my head back and laughed, "Do you hear that, Mike? Alex thinks you should take 25 good ones!"

It was a higher number than I had expected him to say but the perfect amount for me to give Mike a good warm-up. I applied 25 swings of the paddle to Mike's ass. I didn't apply any heavy strokes yet, but I gave him enough pressure to get the blood flowing and get that area good and warm. Neither of them

was accustomed to impact play, though, so Mike flinched and gasped delightfully through the whole thing. I had always felt like there was something wrong with me because inflicting pain on men turned me on, but in this space, I could celebrate it. Each of his whimpers sent a rush of pleasure straight to my pussy.

I ran my nails lightly up and down his back when I was finished, leaning in until my lips were lightly touching his ear and whispering, "How many do you think Alex deserves?"

"What would please you, Mistress?"

I smiled at his attempt to avoid the question but was not impressed. I grabbed and twisted the same ear that seconds before I had been brushing with my lips and menacingly said, "It would please me if you answered the fucking question."

"I'm sorry, Mistress!" he said hastily, standing on tiptoes trying to relieve the pressure on his ear. "Fifty strokes, Mistress!" he added.

"Good boy!" I said with obvious delight. Pitting them against each other had been easier than I had hoped.

Alex laughed and shook his head. He muttered something that sounded like, "Bastard."

I put the paddle down on the table and without preamble walked over to Alex, stood on his left side, wrapped my right leg around his to hold him still, and cupped his ass with each hand. I started to spank him in rapid succession,

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▾ FEMALE DOMINATION

keeping count in my head. I spread the strokes around each cheek and upper thigh, warming the entire area up. For the last ten, I increased the pressure and laughed softly as he squirmed trying to avoid me. When I was finished, he was panting...but his cock was still rock-hard. He wasn't hating this as much as he was pretending.

We kept going back and forth this way for several turns. If they decreased the number, I increased the intensity. Sometimes I made them call each other's strokes and sometimes it was their own. Sometimes I didn't tell them whose they were choosing. It was still all in good fun, though, and that wasn't the goal of the scene. I knew I needed to step it up.

I untied them both and took their blindfolds off, then had them stand facing each other about three feet apart. They were smiling but not making any sounds. I could fix that. Time for a good head-fucking.

I pulled the violet wand out of its case, screwed on the bulb attachment, and plugged it in. The violet wand is a tool used for electro-play. It has a dial on the bottom that allows the wielder to adjust the intensity up and down by twisting it. When it is set to low, the bulb barely glows purple and hums slightly. When it is at its highest, the electricity within throws off a bright, menacing glow. The sound is my favorite part. Even blindfolded, a sub knows when you've turned it up. The nifty trick about it is that the charge is only at its fullest when held upright. As it is tilted from vertical to horizontal, it loses potency, so it can be turned all the way up, but if tilted will administer a much lighter charge of power. I knew this, but I was willing to bet they didn't.

A light shock feels like touching a charged door handle. A heavy shock feels like there are claws administering the charge beneath your skin. Having never seen a wand in action before, their

eyes became huge when it started to hum quietly. I held my hand up to it and allowed the charge to cross over to my fingertips like a tiny lightning bolt.

I stood between them. Alex jerked violently when I ran the wand across his arm, but he laughed nervously and smiled at me.

"I'm gonna wipe that smile off your face," I told him with a smirk of my own, "and I'm going to enjoy it."

I turned the dial up and teased the wand along his body, letting it make contact and shock him at random intervals. He jerked and groaned but remained in the spot where I told him to stand. I started to stroke his cock,

**"HE WAS
QUIVERING AND
WHIMPERING BUT
JUST BARELY
MANAGING TO
STAY PUT."**

rubbing in slow, sensual strokes until he seemed to be more focused on the pleasure than the pain.

I dropped to my knees in front of him, and I could see the surprise in his eyes as I took his delicious length between my lips. Before sliding it all the way in I murmured, "There's an illusion that if I'm on my knees with your cock in my mouth, then you must have the power. Trust me, you don't."

He groaned as he thrust deep into my wet and waiting mouth, making me rub my clit with my free hand. I didn't need to have him tied up to be in control. I bobbed my head up and down on his dick, quickly driving him to

the brink of an orgasm, but just as he was getting close, I turned the violet wand back on, sending burning charges of electricity along his ass and the sensitive backs of his thighs.

He screamed and bunched his fists but managed to stay still. I was impressed and turned on by his self-control. I stopped short of letting him come.

I had gotten so caught in the moment, I had almost forgotten there was someone else in the room. I hadn't thought about how hard it would be to focus on both of them at the same time. I needed to get them both back in action like they had been when they were worshiping my feet.

I turned back to Mike, hoping I could push him to misbehave so I could punish him. I stood behind him, reaching around with the wand, teasing as though I was going to shock his cock with it. I expected him to balk, but to my delight, he thrust out, fully prepared for me to blast electricity into his erection.

Kinky fucker.

Instead of giving him what he wanted, I focused on the sensitive areas that were hardest to tolerate: the skin under his arms and along his ribs and inner thighs. He was quivering and whimpering but just barely managing to stay put. As soon as I turned the dial up, he squealed and hopped around until it became too much for him, and he pulled away from me.

"I told you to stand still," I snapped angrily at him, grabbing him by the balls again. I used my unforgiving grip to pull him down to his knees.

"You're a useless slave who can't follow directions, so Alex is going to be rewarded, and you can simply be something to brace my foot on."

I gripped the spreader bar overhead and raised one leg, planting it firmly on Mike's shoulder. He now had a front-row view of the action but wouldn't get to participate, which I was hoping would drive him crazy.



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"Claim your reward, slave," I instructed Alex, knowing he would understand what that meant.

He dropped to his knees, working his way between my legs. He grinned up at me before sinking his face forward and licking my clit over the black satin of my panties. The fabric amplified the feel of his tongue flicking against me, and I doubted my ability to balance like that for long. I already felt rubbery with pleasure, and he hadn't even gotten me off yet.

"Move my panties," I ordered him, and he complied eagerly, sliding the scrap of fabric to one side, revealing my perfectly shaved pussy. The first feel of his tongue against my bare flesh was heavenly, and I moaned deeply to make sure he knew. He stroked my clit faster and harder until I finally couldn't hold back any longer. I grasped his shaggy hair and pulled his face hard against my pussy as I rode out my first orgasm.

"More," I instructed as I took my foot off of Mike's shoulder and walked back to the throne. Once I got there, I pulled my panties off and held them in the air.

"New game. Worship me and I'll determine who pleased me most. Loser gets to keep my panties...winner gets to fuck me," I challenged them.

They crawled across the floor in a hurry

to serve me, knocking heads together in their fight to get to my pussy first. I smacked them playfully and said, "Take turns or neither of you gets to play!"

I reclined back in the throne, spreading my legs wide across the arms. I had told them I would judge them, but instead I closed my eyes and simply enjoyed the sensations without worrying about who was doing what.

One of them started licking my already slick pussy, but this time he slid two fingers inside of me as he licked in delicious strokes across my clit. The other slave licked and sucked my toes, mimicking the pleasure and sensations that were happening at my core. Soon I lost track of who was where as their hands and tongues alternated and moved in a frenzy to please me. I came almost immediately, but like obedient slaves, they kept going with barely a pause, making me come three more times in quick succession. I let them get me off one more time, looking down to see Mike pumping his fingers in and out of my pussy and Alex rubbing my clit with his middle finger as he fucked his mouth with my big toe.

I tossed my panties to Mike and said, "Stroke your dick with these while you watch me fuck your friend. Maybe next

time you'll get to find out what it feels like to sink your cock into this cunt."

Alex had already grabbed a condom and managed to put it on in record time, which was good because I gave him no further warning before pushing him to the floor and sinking down onto his waiting cock. It took three thrusts to get him all the way in, but once he was deep inside me, I started to grind against him hard. We were fucking, but I was really using him for my own pleasure, riding him just the way I wanted without worrying about whether it worked for him.

I came one more glorious time, and once I could focus again, I realized that Alex had already gotten off before me but managed to stay hard enough that I hadn't even noticed. Such a good slave.

I was so riled up I wanted to push Mike down and fuck him, too, but when I turned back, I found that he had already come all over my panties. *Oh, well, I thought...there's always next time.* ◯✎

LADY OF THE NIGHT

A struggling freelance writer gets an offer to supplement her income that she just can't refuse.

By Rachel Dove

I met Markus at a fundraising dinner for an arts education nonprofit. As a freelance writer, I often supplement my income with catering and bartending gigs, and on the night in question, I was the champagne-pourer. I was wearing the catering company's standard all-black attire with my hair tied back simply, although I'd thrown on some red lipstick for a dash of sex appeal.

Markus was seated with other high-powered donors. He was dark-haired and handsome, and I estimated him to be about fifteen years older than me. I'd noticed him right away because of his good looks, but he gave off an intense vibe that made me hyper-aware of him every time I passed his table. I kept him well-supplied with champagne and entertained myself with sexy fantasies. He looked like the type who could dish out the fuck of a lifetime.

When I came by one last time with the champagne, he rested a hand on my arm and gently pulled me down so he could murmur in my ear. "I have a proposition," he said, then slipped me a business card. "Call me."

My stomach did flip-flops at that intriguing statement. I took the card and examined it once I was safely back in the kitchen. It was black with embossed lettering and listed his name and phone number—nothing else.

The gala finally ended, and I was free to leave. Before I lost my nerve, I called the number on the card. He answered almost immediately. "Hello?"

I was practically quivering with nerves. "Hi, it's Rachel. From the gala. You gave me your card."

"Ah, yes. The lovely champagne girl." His voice was deep and as sexy as

the rest of him. "You distracted me all night. I don't think I heard a word of the speeches."

The compliment made me blush. "You said you had a proposition."

"I do," he said. "I have a free weekend, and I'm hoping for some companionship. Would you be interested? It would be paid, of course."

Was he offering to pay me for sex? I would have fucked him for free. Maybe

"DO YOU SEE THE GROUP IN THE CORNER? THEY'RE WATCHING US."

I should have been offended by the suggestion, but I had student-loan debt and a pretty liberal view of sex work. "How much?" I asked. "And what would be expected?"

"I'm looking for a sexual plaything," he said. "You'll have a safe word for anything you aren't interested in, but I want your pussy, ass, and mouth at my disposal for the entire weekend. Food, lodging, and clothes will be provided." How does \$10,000 sound for payment?

Holy. Shit. Ten thousand dollars? That would put a huge dent in my student-loan debt. I tried not to let any of my eagerness come through in my voice. "Ten thousand dollars should be fine.

Any other things I should know?"

"I enjoy exhibitionism, which means people will be watching us. No one will know your name, though."

A thrill went through me. I'd never had sex in front of other people before, but the idea had always aroused me. "Okay," I said, and just like that, the deal was made.

We discussed a few particulars—how recently we'd both been tested for STDs, the rules for condom usage, and how he'd transfer the money to my account—and then he commanded me to change into something sexy and show up at his place immediately. I stopped by my apartment to shower and change into my best little black dress and some sky-high stilettos, then headed to the address he'd given me.

His house was in the Hollywood Hills, which was a neighborhood I'd never been to before. The road was narrow and wound steeply up between extremely fancy homes. A lot of celebrities lived there, and it was crazy to think that I might have anything to do with people this rich and important.

Markus greeted me in the driveway. He had shucked off his nice coat and rolled up his shirtsleeves, and the half-casual, half-formal look was incredibly attractive. He kissed my cheek, then gave me a grand tour of the home where I would be fucking for money for the next two days. The house looked like one story from the front, but it was actually three, positioned on the edge of a steep hill with the lower floors on the slope. The lowest level had a patio with an infinity pool, and the view over the city was gorgeous.

As I stood at the glass wall at the edge of the patio and stared out over

the lights of Los Angeles, Markus came up behind me. He gripped my hips and held me in place as he started kissing and nibbling my neck. My nipples hardened, pressing against the fabric of my dress. I hadn't worn a bra or panties, and that secret knowledge made me feel incredibly sexy.

He pulled me closer until my ass was nestled against his crotch. His erection pressed against me, and I shivered at how big it was. I couldn't wait to have him inside me.

"Look over there," Markus said, pointing to a house on a neighboring slope. There was some kind of party underway, and people milled around on the patio. "Do you see the group in the corner? They're watching us."

Sure enough, there was a small cluster of people facing our way. As I watched, one of the men lifted something to his eyes. Binoculars.

My pussy grew slick at the thought. The party wasn't that far away, which meant the binoculars would give those people a close-up view of my body as Markus fucked me. The thought made me moan, and I reached up to pinch my stiff nipples.

Markus moved my hands to my sides, then tugged the hem of my dress up inch by inch. The delightful anticipation made me squirm, and he held me in place by wrapping an arm around me. His big hand closed over my breast, and I gasped as he squeezed and kneaded it. That other hand kept raising my skirt up and up until I was finally bared to the waist.

He hissed in a breath when he realized I wasn't wearing panties. "Naughty girl," he said, running a finger over my bared pussy. When he parted my pussy lips, the cool night air brushed over my wetness. He sank a finger into me and slowly fucked me with it, and with each movement of his hand, his palm rubbed against my clit. I groaned and clutched the patio railing, bracing



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“I WANT YOUR PUSSY, ASS, AND MOUTH AT MY DISPOSAL FOR THE ENTIRE WEEKEND. FOOD, LODGING, AND CLOTHES WILL BE PROVIDED.”

myself against his increasingly rough movements. It felt so good, and I got even wetter. I could hear the wet sound of him pumping in and out of my body, and soon that small penetration wasn't enough.

“More,” I said. “I need more.” I arched my body, rolling my hips for him and the strangers watching.

Markus pulled his fingers out of me and spun me around, then grabbed my jaw in one big hand. “I give the orders. Now take off your dress and get on your knees.”

The domination was hot, even though I mourned the loss of his fingers. I stripped the dress off over my head and let him ogle my bare body for a few moments, wiggling my ass for the peeping Toms before sinking to my knees.

He grabbed my hair in a firm fist and unbuckled his pants with the other hand. He pulled his erection out, and it was the most beautiful cock I'd ever seen. I opened my mouth, and he pushed it between my lips without hesitation. It was hard to take all of it, but I relaxed my throat and let him sink deep. He held himself there for a few long moments, letting me feel his utter power over me, and then started pumping in and out.

He tasted incredible, and the way he was using my mouth and throat was overwhelming. I reached between my legs and started rubbing my aching clit, moaning around him. He held me in place with that hand fisted in my hair.

“They're watching me fuck your mouth,” he told me. “A dozen people are watching you take it like a filthy little slut. Do you like that?”

I groaned and nodded, speeding up my fingers on my clit. I was already close to coming.

“Do you think they'd like to watch you take my cock in your cunt?” he asked.

The question sent me over the edge. I orgasmed, shaking and shivering as pleasure rocketed through me. His dick muffled my scream.

Before I could recover, he pulled me to my feet and bent me over so my pussy was exposed to the party of voyeurs a few houses away. He ran two fingers over my wetness, spreading my lips so they could see everything. The glass wall was transparent, which meant not a single inch of me would be hidden from those unknown watchers.

Then he slapped my ass, and I jolted and shivered at the sharp pain.

After a few more ass-jiggling smacks, he turned me the other way around. I braced myself on the railing as he nudged my legs wider. I heard the tear of a condom wrapper, and then his dick was positioned at my pussy. He pushed in relentlessly, and I cried out at the penetration. His dick was big, and he didn't hesitate as he plunged into me and started to fuck.

My breasts swung with each heavy stroke, and the walls of my vagina quivered at that thick intrusion. He was a master, going just hard and fast enough to make me rock on my toes and squeeze the railing as pleasure built in my pussy and lower belly. When he reached around to stroke my clitoris, I knew another orgasm wasn't far off.

“Lift your head,” he said. “Let them see your face.”

My head had dropped for a few moments, but at his reminder, I looked over toward the other patio. I could see our voyeurs silhouetted against the light. It made me want to put on a performance for them, to make them want me as fiercely as I wanted Markus.

I cupped and kneaded my breasts, opening my mouth on a sigh as Markus raked his nails down my back. Then I reached down to my clit, nudging his hand aside so I could work it myself.

He gripped my hips in both hands and started hammering into me hard. I



gripped the glass railing with one hand and held on, standing on tiptoes to take as much of him as I could get. My fingers between my legs sped up, and my clit throbbed as another orgasm crashed over me.

He grunted and thrustured one last time, then shook. After a few moments that were punctuated only by our ragged breathing, he pulled out. I thought we were done, but he slid his fingers between my legs and gathered some of the moisture there. He placed those fingers at my lips. "Show them how much you liked that," he said.

Utterly lost to the pleasure he'd given me, I opened my mouth and sucked his fingers clean of my juices.

"Good girl," he said roughly. "Now let's get you to bed."

We slept tangled together on a king-sized bed. After two mind-blowing orgasms, I was out like a light, but I woke once in the middle of the night to his hands sliding over my belly. We had

sex again, and although it was wonderful to have his big, hard body moving over me, I couldn't help but wish someone was there to watch.

He ordered food for us in the morning, and after a shower, I joined him in the kitchen for breakfast. I was wearing only a white robe, since he hadn't provided me with anything else. He wore slacks and a button-down shirt again, and there was something deliciously indecent about being his kept woman, a sexual plaything who wasn't even allowed clothing. He wanted my body available for his use at any moment, and I was all too happy to oblige.

After breakfast, he led me to a room down the hall from his bedroom. To my surprise, it was lined with mirrors and was completely empty other than a divan positioned precisely in the middle of the room. Two armrests curved up at either end of the low, backless couch.

"What's this room for?" I asked, trailing my fingers over the upholstery.

Instead of answering, he tugged at the belt to my robe. The garment parted in front, and he swiftly had it off my shoulders and pooling around my feet. The three mirrored walls reflected my naked body into infinity, and I stretched, admiring the contrast between my naked body and his clothed one.

He guided me to the divan and had me kneel on top of it with my arms braced against one of the armrests. I wiggled my hips in invitation, hoping he would fuck me soon. I was already wet with anticipation, and the mirrors turned me on even more. I couldn't wait to watch us have sex in them. I would be my own voyeur this morning.

He reached between my legs and started fingering me. My body responded instantly, and moisture gathered between my thighs. Again, he dipped those fingers into me and forced me to suck my own taste off them. I did so gladly, enjoying the filthy carnality.

"The mirrors are two-way," he said

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casually as he started rubbing my clitoris again. "My friends are watching."

"Oh, my God." What kind of man had a two-way mirror sex room in his house? That question didn't matter as much as the follow-up questions that flitted through my mind, though. How many people were watching us? Would they masturbate to the sight of us fucking? Did they like the way I arched my back and moaned for them? Our

**"HE WANTED MY
BODY AVAILABLE
FOR HIS USE AT
ANY MOMENT, AND
I WAS ALL TOO
HAPPY TO OBLIGE."**

sex play wasn't just about the two of us anymore—whatever was behind that glass had been invited in. I undulated my hips, sending Markus's fingertips sliding along my drenched pussy.

"You like that, don't you, dirty girl?" Markus asked. "You like the idea of them seeing you desperate and begging for my cock. You want them to watch me fuck you."

"Yes," I said when he tugged at my hair. "I want them to watch." I stared at the mirror as if I could see straight through it, imagining making eye contact with one of the voyeurs.

"You're a greedy little slut," Markus said. "I'm going to let them watch as I fuck your ass."

I shivered. I'd never done anal before, but the idea had always intrigued me, and there wasn't a chance in hell I was going to use my safe word. "Do it," I said, arching my back for both him and our anonymous audience.

Rather than immediately reaching for that sensitive hole, Markus turned

me onto my back and knelt between my legs. He spread my thighs wide, and I imagined I could feel the eyes of voyeurs on my wet, exposed cunt. I rocked my hips and pinched my nipples, wanting them to know exactly how aroused I was.

Markus grunted as if in appreciation, then dipped his head and licked my pussy. I cried out as I clutched his hair and ground against him. His tongue danced from my clit to my ass, then explored my pussy thoroughly. As he licked and sucked, tension gathered in my lower belly and thighs. He was eating me out like he was starved for my taste, and the raw act was reflected into infinity on either side of us. Within half a minute, I was close to coming.

Markus stopped right before I went over the edge. He ignored my protests and rearranged our positions again, placing me once more on my hands and knees. I watched in the mirror as he retrieved a bottle of lube from under the couch. He coated his fingers in it, then traced my puckered asshole. One finger probed inside me, and I stiffened reflexively at the intrusion, but when I realized it didn't hurt, I relaxed.

He pumped that finger in and out of me slowly, then slid a second one in, stretching me open wide. It felt good to be this full. I moaned and rocked on his fingers, wanting more. He started fingering my pussy with his other hand. I looked at the mirrors to my right and licked my lips for whoever was watching.

"Touch your clit," he commanded.

I rubbed myself as he worked my ass and pussy with his fingers. Soon I was desperate for more, groaning and begging him for his cock.

He put the condom on, drizzling my ass with more lube, and positioned himself behind me. He was still fully dressed, with his cock protruding from his slacks, and seeing the contrast between our bodies in the mirror



was beyond arousing. I watched as he nudged his cock against me and started sinking in an inch at a time. His jaw clenched, and his eyes closed as if the sensation was too much to bear.


His dick was thick and a little hard to take, but I kept rubbing my clit and breathed into the stretch. Soon he was sliding in easier, and at last, he was seated all the way inside me. He pulled out slowly, then pressed back in, and I watched the entire filthy show in the mirror. Were the people behind that glass getting off on seeing me like this? On watching me let a virtual stranger fuck my ass while I moaned and begged for more?

Markus began fucking my ass with firmer strokes, and the intensity made me wild. It was official: I was obsessed with anal. It felt like being owned. I was being taken and consumed by this powerful rich man who had selected me off the menu the night of the gala. But although I was serving him and his friends, what I provided was my own pleasure.

Every breath I took, every moan and shift in position, reminded me that I was on display. My ass, my pussy, my breasts, my mouth...I'd never before been so aware of every inch of my skin. I rubbed my clit with purpose, determined to make myself come for our audience. As Markus gripped my hips and starting fucking harder, my body tightened and then exploded in the orgasm of a lifetime. I clenched around him, my ass squeezing his cock tight as the rest of my body shuddered.

He came inside me with a curse, then collapsed over me. I'd worn him out. Feeling triumphant, I grinned and winked at the mirror.

Markus caught me doing it. "None of that," he said. "It's only 10AM, and you have a long day ahead of you."

Holy. Shit. 10AM on Saturday. I had two straight days of sex ahead of me, and I couldn't wait to find out what came next. 



ITALIAN STALLIONS

When I was getting my Ph.D. in Art History, my dissertation focused on modern odes to classical Greek and Roman statues and how the semiotics of sculpture change over time. A sculpture in the past might have once symbolized a historical figure (man as subject), but modern recreations are more fixated on the ancient statue as an object in itself (sculpture as subject). The art form becomes self-referential, and modern odes to ancient art simultaneously act as medium, object, and observer.

If that sounds like a lot of pretentious twaddle, that's because it is. I love academia, but even I can admit scholars are frequently insufferable. But I've always enjoyed the challenge of improving on the theories of prior generations. It's like switching the colored lens on an old film camera—you

might be looking at the same image, but a slight change in perspective can bring out new details you never noticed before.

What does this have to do with a crazy sex story, you ask? Well, the tale begins partway through my Ph.D., when I traveled to Italy to spend time with sculptors who were creating odes to classic Roman statues. One was attempting to modernize the wet drapery effect, while another was sculpting modern figures in the style of ancient politicians. But the one that fascinated me most was a man named Giovanni. His remote studio at the base of the Italian Alps specialized in marble reproductions of ancient statues, but Giovanni emphasized the eroticism of those nudes even more. He created exquisite stone renditions of couples copulating, masturbating nymphs, even statues whose anatomically correct genitals fit together as if they were making love. Gone were the limp-dicked Davids of the past—his specimens of male perfection now had sizable

erections, carved down to the smallest detail. You could even order custom marble dildos from his shop.

I'm a fairly horny woman, and it always seemed a shame that so many statues of the Greeks and Romans showed the tiniest, saddest little willies. Where were the throbbing members of the past? For all the fornication that went on in ancient myths, the statues never went beyond allusions to the carnality of those stories.

I arrived at Villa di Marmo—a fancy name for a simple house with a detached studio warehouse—one Tuesday morning with my suitcase, excitement fluttering through me. Because Giovanni was such a recluse, I'd be staying in his guest bedroom for the week. There hadn't been a picture of him on the website, so it was a shock when a stunningly attractive man emerged from the studio. He had rakishly long dark hair, bronze skin, and smoldering eyes. He greeted me with two cheek kisses, and as his stubble rasped over my skin, I shivered.

He pulled back, and there was an aura of mischief to his gaze now. Clearly he knew his effect on the opposite sex. "*Ciao, bella,*" he said with his sexy accent. "How lovely you are."

After I awkwardly introduced myself, trying not to fixate too much on his muscled arms, he took my bags inside and gave me a tour. The studio space was massive, with enormous sliding doors to accommodate deliveries of raw materials. Half-finished nudes littered the floor, and one long table was filled only with dildos. A line of completed works stood along one end of the shed, their nude forms glittering white in the light falling from the skylight.

His technique was exquisite, and it was startling to see the forms I knew from history books take on such sexual connotations. The Lottatori—the wrestlers—no longer depicted a wrestling match, but an explicit sodomy scene. Marcellus as Hermes Logios still had a hand raised and cloth draped over his



**“I STARED AT HIM,
WONDERING IF HE
WAS TRULY
SUGGESTING
WHAT I THOUGHT
HE WAS.”**



arm, but now he wielded a fearsome erection. The gods fornicated with each other in a variety of physical forms, and not a single fig leaf was to be seen.

“Do you like it?” he asked when I paused in front of a modern reimagining of Venus and Mars. The war god’s fingers were deep in the goddess’ marble pussy, and her head was thrown back in ecstasy.

“I do,” I said, although that wasn’t the entire truth. The art turned me on. Scorching-hot scenes had been crafted from cold stone, and Giovanni had the hand of a master, an apparently filthy mind, and a detailed understanding of the female body. It made me even more aware of his sex appeal.

I spent the next few days watching Giovanni work. It was a titillating sight. His muscled forearms flexed as he chipped stone away using ancient hand tools, his fingers displayed a level of precision that made me sweat, and I was riveted to the firm curve of his ass. While the details of his latest project came to life—Venus being penetrated by the thick cocks of both Vulcan and Mars—I fantasized about Giovanni’s thick cock instead.

He caught me staring a few times, and a little smile curved his lips each time. “Bella,” he would say, “is there something you want to ask me?”

Each time I shook my head,

embarrassed at how obvious I was being in my interest. I couldn’t exactly say I wanted to compare his cock to a statue’s, could I?

One night, rather than retiring to the house, he arranged a picnic for us in his workshop. We sat on a blanket, sharing grapes, cheese, pasta, and wine. He was flirting with me, I realized with giddy delight. When he finally kissed me, I sighed and sank into the sensation. “Let’s go to bed,” I whispered when he pulled back.

That wicked smile was back. “What do you like about my art?” he asked.

I frowned, confused by the change in topic. “It’s sensual. Compelling.”

“It arouses you.”

My cheeks heated. “Yes.”

He pulled me to my feet. “I wish to see how aroused it makes you.” He led me toward a marble Mars whose muscled torso and lean hips framed an impressively large erection. “Go,” he said, nudging me toward the statue. “Art is meant to be experienced.”

I stared at him, wondering if he was truly suggesting what I thought he was. Then he cupped me between the legs and guided me to straddle the marble cock, and there was no question. He wanted me to fuck the statue while he watched.

The idea was stunningly, shockingly arousing. I trembled as I stripped off my dress and shoes, followed by my bra

and panties. Giovanni murmured words of admiration for my nude body, and when I began rubbing my pussy against that straight, hard stone, he stripped and started masturbating his own impressive erection.

The stone was cool, and the juices from my pussy made it easy to slide back and forth. Soon I was impossibly wet. When I adjusted my position, backing up to the tip of the stone dick and bending over, the head of it breached my opening. It was so thick and unyielding, more cock than I’d ever taken before, but I pushed back, and the stone slid all the way inside me.

I groaned as it filled me, stretching me to my limits. Giovanni stared, seemingly awestruck, while I worked my hips so Mars’s cock slid in and out of me. It felt so fucking good, and the cock was so big and exquisitely rendered that I felt the bump of every vein and the flaring cap rubbing against my sensitive skin. I rubbed my clit roughly as I took the stone dick for Giovanni, and when I came with a scream, he moaned.

He pulled me off the marble with shaking hands, then guided me to a reclining figure. Hercules, lean and nude. Giovanni pressed me down on top of the sculpture, guiding my hips as I wiggled onto the new cock. The marble curved at just the right angle to press my G-spot, and I writhed on top of it,

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

“GIOVANNI CURSED IN ITALIAN IN MY EAR, THEN RAMMED INTO ME ONE LAST TIME, SHAKING AS HE CAME.”

choking on moans of pleasure.

Giovanni helped me take the cock for a while, his hands moving my hips, but then he whispered a filthy question in my ear. “Do you want both of us at once?”

I’d never done anything like this before, but there wasn’t even a doubt in my mind. “Yes,” I begged.

He left me to ride Hercules for a few minutes, then returned with a condom and a bottle of lube. I watched over my shoulder as he rolled the condom on, doused it with lube, and then knelt over the statue behind me. I leaned forward, taking Hercules’s sharp push against my G-spot, and then Giovanni’s cock was pressing at my anus.

He penetrated me a few inches at a time, pausing to let me get used to his size and the feel of both cocks in me. It was a stunning contrast—warm, living man in my asshole, cool, slippery stone plumbing my vagina. Soon they were both fully seated, and I gasped at how full I felt. They were crammed into me, taking up all the available space in my body.

Giovanni started fucking my ass with firm, unrelenting strokes. He held me in place with a hand loosely banded around my throat, and I moaned at such utter domination. My body jolted and shuddered, driven forward and back by his forceful thrusts, and Hercules’s cock slid in and out with it. The swirl of little stone curls on the statue’s groin rubbed my clitoris with each stroke, and with the combination of G-spot, clitoris, and everything else, it didn’t take long before



I orgasmed, screaming to the rafters with the intensity of my pleasure. I came until the marble was soaked in my body’s moisture, and then I came some more.

Giovanni cursed in Italian in my ear, then rammed into me one last time, shaking as he came. If we did this again, I wanted it without the condom so I could feel his hot come filling up my ass while my pussy juices dripped down the marble.

He pulled out and gently removed me from the statue. Hercules’s stone cock gleamed with my wetness, and more had pooled around it. The sight was so stimulating, my pussy fluttered again, still beset by tiny contractions from the orgasm of a lifetime.

“See?” Giovanni asked, kissing my neck. “Art should be experienced.”

I looked at his collection with new eyes, realizing that many of the statues had been designed to accommodate a real woman riding them. This building was full of carnal possibility.

Giovanni and I fucked again and again in that room over the course of my stay, and when I left at the end of the week, I vowed to come back. And I have. Every summer for the last six years, I’ve returned to him and his creations, letting them fuck me together.

—A.T., via email

CITY OF ANGELS

My best friend decided to have her bachelorette party in Los Angeles. The four girls in the bridal party, including me, had never been far outside of Dallas, Texas, so we were extremely excited to visit the City of Angels for some dirty fun.

The bride, Alabama (and yes, she knows her name is ridiculous), put together the whole itinerary. She’s never been good at delegating, so we let her decide everything. We would start with dinner and rooftop cocktails at a bar downtown, catch a Lyft to Hollywood to visit another bar with a mechanical bull, and end the night at a nearby hotel.

We dressed in cowboy boots and jean skirts and did our best Texas-pageant-girl hair for the occasion. Despite how cliché it was, I was feeling sexy as hell, but when we got to the bar downtown, I realized we did not fit in. It was the kind of place with a \$20 cover charge, and the women were all stick-thin and red-carpet-ready.

Nevertheless, we persevered. After dining in the restaurant, we went to the roof. Most of the decor was kind of Space Age, but we were delighted to find a ping-pong table and a beer

garden on one corner of the roof. The lights of LA glittered around us as we played, and as I kicked Alabama's ass, I stopped feeling so self-conscious.

That lasted until the most gorgeous couple I'd ever seen stepped out of the elevator. She was brunette and stacked, wearing a tight red dress, and he was tall and wore a suit like he'd been born in it.

Now, Texas has a conservative reputation, but don't let that fool you. I enjoy men and women equally and sometimes together, and I've never suffered for a lack of partners. But I had never seen two such gorgeous people in the same place at the same time.

The ping-pong ball whizzed past me. "Point!" Alabama screamed, thrusting vulgarly against her paddle.

The man in the suit made eye contact with me. I tucked my hair behind my ear and gave him my best smile. One corner of his lips lifted, and then the couple moved away in search of drinks.

Alabama followed my gaze and laughed. "Oh come on, slut," she said, retrieving the ping-pong ball. "I'm the bachelorette. All eyes should be on me."

She was right, of course, so we kept playing. But I saw the couple constantly over the next hour. They always seemed to be nearby, watching us with interest. Aware of their gazes on me, I played ping-pong as sexily as I could—a harder thing to accomplish than you might think—and when I noticed the woman ogling me, my pussy got wet.

Alabama announced that it was time for the next location, but I couldn't leave without talking to those two gorgeous creatures. So I gathered all my courage and stepped up to them. "Hey," I said with a saucy wink. "I'm only here for the night, and I'm about to leave for another bar, but I wanted you to know you're both sexy as hell."

To my surprise, the woman reached out and grabbed my wrist. "Where are you going?" she asked in a throaty voice that made me want to squirm.

"Some Hollywood bar with a mechanical bull," I shrugged. "You know how it is. Bachelorette parties are meant to be ridiculous."

The couple exchanged glances with each other, and then the woman turned back to me. "We know which one that is. It's a tourist trap."

"Well, good thing we're tourists."

She stepped toward me close enough that no one could see her slide a hand up my leg. Her fingers slid beneath my skirt, almost brushing the edge of my pink panties. "Do you want us to follow you? It'll be both of us, to be clear."

Both of those beautiful people might be in my future? "Hell, yes," I said, hardly believing my luck.

She smiled and pulled her hand away. "Good. We'll see you there."

The journey to the bar was a blur, and not because of the alcohol. I was hyper-aware of my pussy every time I crossed my legs or shifted in my seat. The other girls were having some lively

conversation, but all I could think about was that couple. That man with his tall frame and long fingers. The woman with her perfect hair and bedroom eyes. If they wanted to share me, I was a dead woman—but oh, what a way to go.

The bar was definitely a tourist trap. Loud, crowded, and overpriced, especially for a Texas girl, but I loved it. The mechanical bull bucked and shuddered, always with a woman riding it, and I watched the boobs shaking with appreciation.

I took a tequila shot with the girls, and as I licked the salt off my hand and sucked the lime, I saw the couple watching me across the room. I winked, and the woman winked back.

"I'm doing the bull," I announced to my friends.

It was a sleazy operation, which I already knew. The operator clearly didn't want to buck me off until everyone had gotten a show, so he tilted me at precarious angles and vibrated me until my boobs quivered. My skirt rode up my



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



thighs, and when the bull finally bucked me off, I'm pretty sure I flashed my panties to half of LA.

It didn't matter, though, because when I got up and left the ring, they were there. The man grabbed my elbow, while the woman slid a hand around my waist. They guided me out of the bar like that, while I used my free hand to text my friends and let them know I was about to get laid and not to wait up for me. I wasn't too tipsy, I swear—just a little buzzed and aching for a threesome.

A short drive later, we were at their place. It looked nice to me, but what did I care? The second I got out of the car, the brunette kissed me. Her hand clutched my ass, pulling me against her, and I returned the favor eagerly.

We kissed all the way into the apartment. With the door shut and locked behind us, the man came up behind me and held me in place while the woman stripped me. She asked me a few questions—had I been tested and was I down for unprotected oral followed by sex with condoms—and my answer was a “Hell yes.” I didn't include the follow-up thought: Why couldn't every potential hookup in Texas

ask me the same things? Their casual acceptance of practical safety measures turned me on as much as anything else.

I was fully naked when the brunette started sucking my nipples. She reached between my thighs and stroked my clitoris. I shifted, but the man held me tight. Then the woman got to her knees and started licking me, and I nearly lost my mind.

I moaned and writhed, but the man transferred both my wrists to one hand and then pressed one to my stomach to hold me in place. I was helpless to do anything but take the pleasure she was determined to give me, and damn, was she good. She thrust two delicate fingers into me while she licked my clit, and my inner thighs tightened while a squirmy feeling started in my lower belly.

I was close to coming, but I couldn't orgasm like this. Oral is great, but it's never gotten the job done. I need pressure. Roughness. “I need more,” I managed to say. “Fill me up and touch me hard.”

She stood and kissed me, and I tasted my own juices on her mouth. Then she stepped back and stripped

off her dress, and I got a look at the best body I'd ever seen. Round, natural breasts, slim waist, elegant hips. Her pussy was bare, and I reached for it immediately, wanting to feel how wet she was.

I stroked her wet labia while the man undressed behind us. It was so hot fingering this woman while her man took his clothes off. Soon his thick dick would be in me. When it happened, would my tongue be in this woman's pussy? Her mouth? Her ass?

They took me to the bed and bent me over. She wriggled into position on her back under me, and I sighed in relief as her wet pussy opened before my mouth. I love giving head. I licked into her, and my pussy throbbed when I heard the sound of a condom wrapper opening behind me.

His dick pressed against my pussy, and then he was sliding inside. I moaned into his woman's pussy, then licked and sucked her clit gratefully. His dick was thick and perfect, and when he thrust all the way in, it was almost too much to take.

I stood up on my toes to let him in deeper. He gripped my hips and pumped into me, and although I wanted to succumb to the pleasure, I had a job to do. I fingered the woman on the bed, licking all over her soaked pussy.

“He'll take you next,” I told her as the man's thrusts intensified, making my breasts swing. “I want to watch him fuck you.”

She cried out and came, her thighs shivering around my face. I kept going, dragging the orgasm out with my fingers and tongue.

Her sleepy satisfaction only lasted a few minutes, and then she got on her knees in front of me and grabbed my hair. “He's going to go hard now,” she told me, squeezing until it hurt just enough.

“Yes.” I braced myself against the bed, caught between her hand and his dick. Then the man started to hammer into me. It was almost too much, but when



I slipped one hand between my legs to my clit, the near-pain turned into pure pleasure. I rubbed in hard circles as he plowed into me.

The woman whispered filthy words into my ear, and the combination of brutal cock, dirty talk, and stimulation on my clit was too much. I came with a scream.

The man thrust a few more times, then shook. When he withdrew, I collapsed to the bed, totally wrung out. I watched in amazement as the woman fingered herself, drawing out one more orgasm.

We cuddled afterwards, panting, and then the man flipped me over. He smiled down at me, pure wickedness in his eyes. "I need a break," he said. "But not a long one. You said you wanted to watch next?"

"Hell, yes," I said, hardly believing my

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING?" SHE ASKED IN A THROATY VOICE THAT MADE ME WANT TO SQUIRM."

luck. "But I want to touch, too."

I didn't see Alabama again that night, but all was forgiven when I returned to the hotel in the morning. It was the City of Angels, after all—although it felt more like a city of delicious devils to me.

I asked.

She looked at me through pleasure-hazed eyes. "It was incredible. You sure learn quickly."

I grinned and stroked her sweat-dampened back. "I have the best tutor." I wagged my eyebrows roguishly. "Any other feminist concepts I should learn tonight?"

She laughed. "Oh, baby, you have no idea."

—Anonymous, via email

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it. Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email to: letters@penthouse.com

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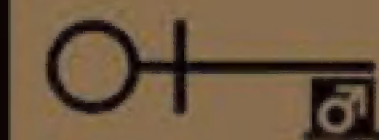
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